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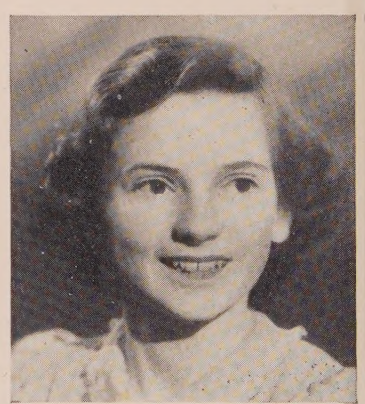

JUDY HARRIS has been a student at the Judith Espinosa School for almost three years. At Christmas she took the part of Violet Elizabeth in Just William with the Bromley Repertory Company and followed with the same part on television. Since February she has appeared in the fortnightly T.V. programme of Telescope in Children's Hour and has also modelled for T.V. and the All England Needlework contest recently held at the Mayfair Hotel.

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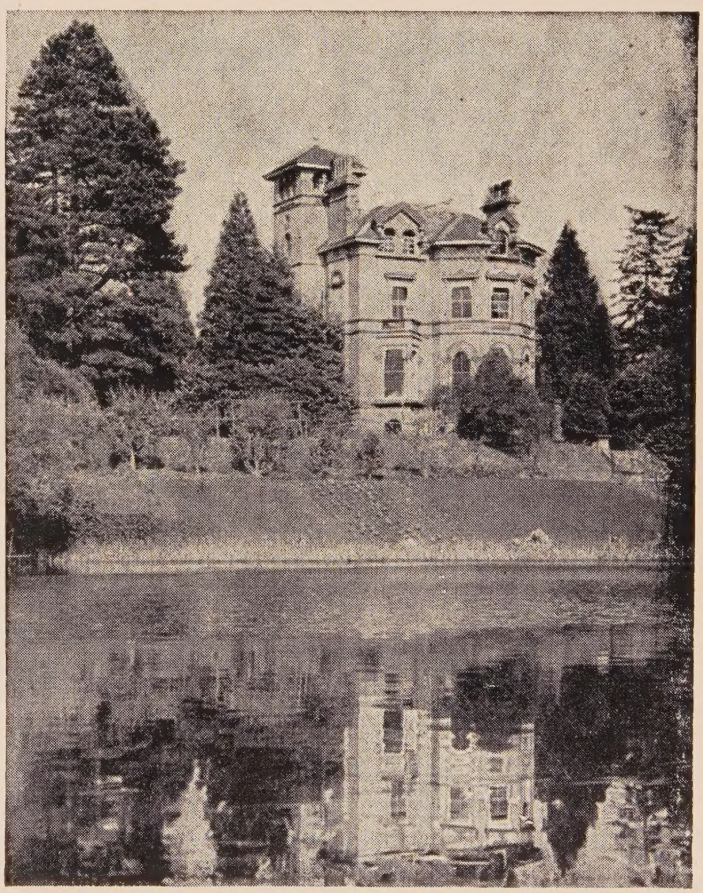

October, 1951 Vol. 2. No. 10

# Dance and Dancers

*Editor:* PETER WILLIAMS *Foreign Editor:* DAVID RAHER
*Assistant Editor:* CLIVE BARNES

IN August, 1951, three thousand people crowded nightly into a vast concert hall to see full-length classics given by International Ballet with no great artistry. In another theatre a small company, Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées, presented a repertoire of short ballets with very considerable artistry. But the small theatre was seldom full. Thirty years ago, Serge de Diaghileff put on a full length classic in stupendous taste and danced by the greatest artists of the time, but the public did not flock in. So used were they to short and smart one-act works, that the classics seemed a bore. So, the pretty merry-go-round jerks on its course and the full circle is completed.

Diaghileff was thinking years ahead of his time; The Champs-Elysées Ballet too is in advance of today's popular tendencies. The pendulum will probably swing back and thousands will flock in to see the smartest one-act ballet at the moment when the French company decides to put on a great full-length classic.

These circles are all very well but, like ripples caused by the precipitation of a stone in a pond, they get weaker as the circumference expands until they eventually fade away.

The acceptance and glorification of the mediocre is very disquieting. There is a great deal to admire in International Ballet, there are some very good dancers in the company, they have done splendid work in bringing full-length classics to the provinces and giving a vast cinema audience a taste for an art that they would otherwise have laughed to scorn. To have developed a new audience is achievement indeed. But it is hard to admire these productions with their Wendy-houses, formal gardens, and costumes that would not do credit to a child's picture book. Unfortunately most people are coming to accept this kind of thing as—ballet.

It is one of the tragedies of today that the public are impressed only by the word "big"—big production, big company, big orchestra, all costing big money. Quality and artistry do not seem to be considered worthy of their precious and hard-earned sheckels.

A little cart drawn on to a bare stage, the setting-up of a makeshift

*Members of Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées on the stage of the Cambridge Theatre after the four-hundredth performance of* Les Forains. *Standing, from left to right, are—Emerson Kailey (conductor), Gerard Ohn, Sonia Arova, Jean Robin (Administrator), Danielle Darmance, René Bon, Helene Trailine, Alexandra Richer, Deryk Mendel, and Youly Algaroff (Maître de Ballet)* *(Photo: Duncan Melvin)*

theatre representing the gamut of human aspirations and disappointments; these things do not look as though they cost big money, so the public is not impressed. Yet *Les Forains*, for that is the ballet to which I refer, is one of the masterpieces of the post-war years—even though four years, and as many hundred performances, have elapsed since it was first created it has grown an aura of its own that has not dimmed. Or take that other work without scenery and music, which could not have denuded the till to any extent. Because of this, many people thought it not worthy of their consideration. Yet at every performance it was possible to sit in the theatre for twenty minutes and positively "feel"

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*by*

CARYL BRAHMS

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EVANS

a spark, nothing less than divine, ignited between the stage and the auditorium.

If we do not foster and cherish creation then all incentive will wither away and the full flower of ballet must inevitably perish. Frankly I think this bloom is worthy of your tender care.

WHAT is the most important feature of a character ballet? Perhaps I belong to an old-fashioned school but I always thought it to be—characterisation. If any full-length classic needs this quality above all others, it is *Coppelia*. Looking at the new production of this work by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet on September 4, characterisation seemed singularly lacking.

How sad it is that this work is so misunderstood in these islands for it is a happy ballet full of the joy of life. This may possibly be due to Sergueeff's reproduction of Saint-Leon's choreography which gives the whole affair the feeling of a Maryinsky classic. As given here, the work is more like a *grand divertissement* with everybody standing around waiting to do their little pieces—the Mazurka and Czardas should evolve naturally out of the action and not look like a self-conscious frolic in a musical comedy. In England we have no peasant population so it may be hard for us to get the right approach to the whole thing. But whatever the reason, the result is very unfortunate and a trip to Paris or Copenhagen, and possibly several other central European countries, will prove that this ballet is more than just a pretty box of toys.

This is obviously the ideal work for a young company, yet at Sadler's Wells it had about as much warmth as an ice cream soda, and at moments bore striking resemblance to this pastel beverage. Only David Poole and Sheilah O'Reilly showed any feeling for the work—the former gave a carefully considered and sinister Coppelius which should be interesting when it has fully developed, the latter in no important role just bubbled over with good humour. Fifield as Swanilda and Blair as Frantz danced beautifully, but she was right outside the whole ballet and appeared not to have the slightest interest in her lover (in the second scene she never so much as gave him a cursory glance until the end when she woke him up), he looked too noble to have any part in the proceedings.

It is disheartening to have to continue to write, and equally boring to have to read, about the unsuitable decorations this work continues to get saddled with. Loudon Sainthill, who designed such a magnificent *Tempest* for Stratford, had gone sadly astray. Many of his costumes are quite charming in themselves but have nothing to do with this particular work. His settings are sterile, either so insipid as to make one wonder whether the scene painters have finished their job, or so much after the European, so-called, "modernistic" school as to be absurd.

When, oh when, is somebody going to get down to it and really do justice to Delibes' lovely ballet score?

## *Cover Stories*

**This month's front cover, by Walter Owen, is of Rosella Hightower, prima ballerina of the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas. This company makes a welcome return to England on October 8, at the Cambridge Theatre.**

Hightower was born in Oklahoma on January 30, 1920. She studied locally. In 1933 her family moved to Kansas City and she went to Miss Dorothy Perkins with whom she studied until 1938. In this city she saw ballet for the first time when it was visited by the De Basil company. In 1938 she joined the Monte Carlo Ballet and left America for the first time. After a short time of walking-on roles, she became a full member of the *corps de ballet* when the company came to Drury Lane. Back in New York, on the outbreak of war, she started to take over soloist roles. Leaving the Monte Carlo Ballet she joined Ballet Theatre, then just before the company left for their first European tour in 1946 she rejoined Massine. After that she went to the Marquis de Cuevas company and there she has remained ever since.

**The back cover is of Vladimir Dokoudovsky, premier danseur of the reformed Original Ballet Russe which starts its English tour on October 1 at The Wimbledon Theatre.**

Dokoudovsky was born at Monaco. His father was Russian and his mother, Italian. Studied in Paris with Preobrajenska and joined the Ballet de la Jeunesse. Danced with the Blum company in 1938. In America during the war he went into Ballet Theatre. Went to the De Basil company for their South American tour and during that tour he married Stroganova. Came to England with that company in 1947.

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*Photo: Duncan Melvin*

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# Guest Critic — ANN BARZEL

**Continuing our series of monthly articles when world famous critics write on a subject about which they have always wanted to air their views, we are happy to present the famous American critic—Ann Barzel. She has been in England over the past months seeing all the ballet that the summer has had to offer, particularly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, who are about to embark on a tour of the United States.**

**She is ballet critic on the *Chicago Herald American*, and American *Dance News*. For fifteen years she has been a regular contributor to *Dance Magazine*. In addition to all this she is a lecturer at the Chicago University. Originally she intended to become a dancer and studied with Bolm but, as she laughingly declares, "I belong to the great lost generation of American dancers who completed their training when there was no ballet in the States." Be this as it may, she has done more to foster understanding of the dance between two great nations than she would probably ever have done if she had become a professional dancer.**

*Ann Barzel in a Paris bus.*

# I wouldn't have missed it for anything

EVERY night the ballet means numberless performances that drift into the limbo of forgotten things, and some memorable occasions that remain for ever—like the first sight of De Basil's Ballet Russe with Massine, Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Tchernicheva, Riabouchinska, Eglevsky, Lichine, Shablevsky, etc., ushering in their era of glamour.

Then there was the first time we saw Tudor's *Lilac Garden*, its poignancy unbelievably penetrating the far reaches of the vast Lewisohn Stadium in New York. It was a wonderful night when Nora Kaye first danced *Pillar of Fire* in the Metropolitan Opera House with eighteen curtain calls to salute the new star who an hour earlier had danced in the *corps de ballet* of *Swan Lake*.

*Krassovska as Swanilda in* Coppelia, *when she was with Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (Photo: Maurice Seymour)*

We will always remember Ballet Caravan in the American Legion Hall in Gloucester, Massachusetts where we wandered for a lark and found a new kind of ballet with Lew Christensen, Eugene Loring, Ruthanna Boris and many others laying the foundation stone of American ballet.

For years we had not entirely believed all the sticky stuff we had read about the wonders of Fonteyn, but now just remembering the radiant grace of her entrance in *Sleeping Beauty* on the stage of the Chicago Opera House is a thrill.

## Electrifying moments

There are many such evenings, and some fine ones that slipped away, but there are another kind that stick with one, the electrifying moments when something unusual occurs and those we would not miss for anything—like the time the Yugoslavian consul wandered about the stage of the Chicago Auditorium during a performance of Massine's *Bacchanale*. It was New Year's Eve and the young man, who had come to escort Mia Slavenska to a party, was lost. The Dali decor and costumes could include anything, and some people never realised that the character in correct evening attire asking directions of Venus (Nini Theilade) emerging from the shell was not written in the script.

Another unexpected stage visitor came in on a concert during the terrible 'thirties, when to be modern was to dance without music and without dancing—it was all in the programme notes. Arthur Corey was doing the inevitable *Crucifixion* on the stage of Chicago's Goodman Theatre. He stood writhing in silence and the blue light in a rear corner when, "Clump, clump, clump" across the front of the stage came an extra large Negro woman in hat and coat carrying a large valise. The delicious shock that ran through the audience is memorable. There were whispers of sabotage by enemies of the modern dance, but the fact was the poor woman did not realise "that man was doing that in front of people" and she was taking a short cut across an unused stage.

## Canine sylphide

Another unscheduled performer was Lubov Rostova's little off-white dog, Boise, who once trotted on stage during *Les Sylphides*. While Roman Jasinsky danced the Mazurka, Boise made for the cluster of girls posed up-stage. Though Rostova kept pretending she was a Sylphide and did not know him, he knew better and parked himself right in front of her, wagging his silly little tail. All the low whistles and finger-snapping from the wings could not get him off the stage before the end of the ballet.

Chuckles and loud laughter always greeted Anton Dolin's and Irina Baronova's hilarious performances in Ballet Theatre's *Bluebeard*. One bit of business included a slap on Bluebeard's shoulder by last wife Baronova. The audience love it, and as the tour progressed the whack got harder and the laughter louder. One of the loudest laughs was from the company on the day Dolin smeared fish-glue on his shoulder and Baronova's hand stuck fast.

We have seen scores of *Petrouchkas*, good, bad and worse. We remember fondly the one where in the crowd, parting to reveal the sawdust Petrouchka, also revealed a supernumerary diligently focussing his camera on one of the dancers.

And talking of supers, there was the one who had taken part in the final killing in *Scheherazade* at New York's Lewishon Stadium who in the end lined-up with the ranks of bowing dancers. He enjoyed the applause so much that he stayed on until the last curtain call, joining hands with choreographer Michel Fokine, conductor Smallens and stars Paul Haakon and Patricia Bowman.

## How to see Coppelia

The recent evening at Sadler's Wells Theatre when Elaine Fifield and Svetlana Beriosova had their separate triumphs as Swanilda brought to mind our appearance in the title role in *Coppelia* with Danilova and Franklin in supporting parts. The regisseur had forgotten to provide a supernumerary to sit in the balcony and we were the only backstage visitor who could fit into the junior-miss costume. As a vantage point for viewing the first act of *Coppelia* we can recommend that seat unreservedly—and in America you are paid a dollar for sitting there.

A memorable *Coppelia* was when Natalie Krassovska danced her first Swanilda. She had been going great guns and was feeling fine. Just before the last run and dive at the end of the third act coda, she smiled warmly at the audience and started running stage left instead of towards Frantz who was waiting on stage right. The whole company hissed, "Natasha, the other side!" Still smiling she veered and dashed to the other side finishing to great applause.

Another occasion when supernumeries were forgotten was for a performance of the opera *Turandot*. Ballet mistress Catherine Littlefield was notified too late that six dancers would be needed for atmosphere in one scene. So she herself, premiere danseuse Dorothie Littlefield, and four of the leading soloists did the walk-on. The conductor was so surprised to see them that he dropped his baton and lost his place in the score.

People think we are crazy going to all sorts of school recitals and pupil displays. We are, but don't feel sorry for us. Sometimes we have the thrill of seeing budding genius, and sometimes it is loads of fun. Like last Spring's *Pas de Quatre* with four coal-black pickaninnies in scarlet tutus and ill-fitting toe shoes scrambling into the lithograph poses of Taglioni, Grahn, Grisi, and Cerito.

# GREEK DANCE OF ECSTASY

*by JOHN COSTA*

**While on a special assignment in Athens this summer, Costa photographed the strange male folk dance, *Zeibeiko*. This dance had its origin in ancient Thrace and in the past thirty years has enjoyed a revival among the sailors and workers of Piraeus. It is possible that some choreographer might find inspiration from these dances.**

(*All photos by John Costa for Black Star*)

*Two young boys, cigarettes in hand, start to dance irresistibly drawn to the floor by the music of the* Bouzouki.

IT might seem strange that the weird dancing preferred in a popular café of a suburb of modern Athens is the only direct survival of the dance of ancient Greece.

"Let us go to the *Bouzouki* ", is the equivalent in Greece to "let us go jiving at the Palais de Danse", and the *Zeibeiko* as the dance is called, only danced by men—is a derivation of the weird dance of ancient Thrace.

The strange physical jerks follow no pattern of steps but are the result of a kind of mood called *Meraki* acquired by listening to the haunting music played on the *Bouzouki*, a kind of ornate banjo. This mood has to be extemporized in dancing. Suddenly a sailor and a bank clerk are irresistibly drawn to the floor and there alone by a piano—in similar mood they interpret a fight of man against some strange enemy at the end of which either him or the imaginary enemy is killed and the dancer still smoking his cigarette falls to the ground in a state of ecstasy. This weird dance originated in Thrace and passed to Byzantium and became the dance of the jockeys of the Imperial Hyppodrome. After the Turkish conquest, it had survived in remote parts of Asia Minor, coming back to Greece with the refugees of Anatolia in 1922. It was soon adopted and somehow developed by the stevedores and workers of the port of Piraeus and now spreading under the musical impetus given by the composer Tsitsanis who has been writing music on the 9-8 rhythm peculiar to this town, it has become popular to the point of almost superseding all other local folk dance in Greece.

*Photos top left and bottom left show two sailors in the middle of the Zeibeiko in which they interpret the fight of man against some strange enemy.*

*Right. One of the dancers, his cigarette still in his mouth, falls to the ground in a state of ecstasy.*

# Search for the source

by KENNETH PEARSON

**Fired by the appearances of Rosario and Antonio and José Greco, Kenneth Pearson (ballet critic with the Kemsley group) visited Spain in an endeavour to see Spanish dancing in its native country. Many people having attempted such a quest with remarkably little success, return to England convinced that all the dancers have left Spain. But after many set-backs Pearson was successful.**

THERE are times when the Spanish frontier town of Irun must echo with the sound of castanets and guitars; unfortunately that dark and suspicious night we crossed the border from France was not one of them.

We were in Spain, that much was certain. The guards wore green uniforms and black shiny hats just as they had on the posters, but their not infrequent appearance on the road was disconcerting to say the least.

We relegated our guide book to the bottom of a pile of coats at the back of the car. It had said nothing about this. Instead, we took reassuring glances at the dancing programmes of José Greco and Rosario and Antonio which I had brought from London. Here was the Spain of our hopes. Perhaps things would look different in the morning. They did.

Then the sun shone on the golden strand of San Sebastian and Spain was celebrating one of its innumerable fiestas. Mothers strolled nobly through the town, heads covered with the fluttering grace of black mantillas; their daughters walked with that proud dignity which visits to the Cambridge Theatre and Rosebery Avenue had led us to expect. The search for Spanish dancing was on.

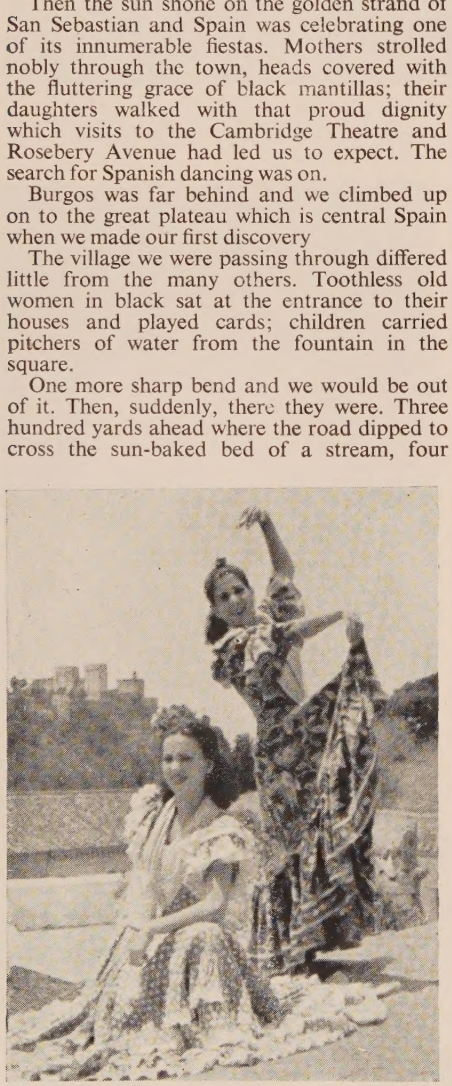
Burgos was far behind and we climbed up on to the great plateau which is central Spain when we made our first discovery

The village we were passing through differed little from the many others. Toothless old women in black sat at the entrance to their houses and played cards; children carried pitchers of water from the fountain in the square.

One more sharp bend and we would be out of it. Then, suddenly, there they were. Three hundred yards ahead where the road dipped to cross the sun-baked bed of a stream, four small girls were dancing. One pair faced the other, pert heads held on one side; their arms stretched high in the air as fingers clicked out a rhythmical accompaniment. It was only a brief, flashing impression, but they seemed to be doing an Iberian version of a Highland reel.

We raced past so as not to disturb them and as the car drew to a halt on the opposite slope I leapt out with my camera. Too late. They had stopped: it appeared we were the attraction.

As I walked towards them they retreated a pace or two. They were shy and not a little nervous.



*Conchita and Marucca with the Alhambra in the background.*

## Cave dwellers

The legend that a large number of the inhabitants of Spain live in caves seemed at this instant to contain a great deal of truth; how else could one account for the fact that within a few seconds I was faced by not four little girls but twenty four?

As the nearest house was some way away I assumed they could have only popped up from holes in the ground.

At once I delved into my vast but somewhat casually-collected European vocabulary. In words of French, German and Italian I asked for a repeat performance. It had an immediate effect. They just gaped, then laughed.

Nothing daunted I resorted to mime. I pirouetted in elephantine fashion and clapped my hands. This was greeted with appreciative applause. How absurd! Our roles were getting reversed.

I tried again. This time I waved my arm in a circle. Just a simple gesture but they understood. Twenty three of them joined hands and dancing round the twenty fourth, standing by now in the middle of the road, they sang a song.

If ring-a-ring-a-roses, I concluded, was a Spanish dance, then this was what I had come to see. But I had my doubts.

Our attempts to catch up with the folklore in Madrid were even less rewarding. At the tourist office they were most helpful—and in English.

Did the senor wish to learn something about Spanish dancing? Why of course. There was a school of classical dancing on the other side of the city and its pupils came from all parts of the country.

Yes, I could go there that afternoon and they would give me all the information I wanted. They might even put on a show.

After lunch, while all the wise people in Madrid took their siestas, we strolled in the direction of the school. The sun burned down through the trees lining the avenues.

## Abortive Saturday

Then, quite suddenly, someone asked if we realised it was a Saturday. The awful truth dawned slowly. The school would be closed and we became more and more convinced that our journey was really unnecessary.

So it proved. Stepping into the cool marble entrance of the academy from the oven-temperature of the streets was to take on a new lease of life. But gave us little consolation.

The porter was polite as he read our letter of introduction. He had no doubt that the principal would give us all we wanted—on Monday.

*Ten-year-old Quanita and her partner, thirteen-year-old Mariano, whom Pearson saw in the cave of La Faraona.*

It was too difficult and too hot to explain that by Monday we hoped to be many miles away, so we wished him good day, said we would be back, and stepped out once more into the heat.

By Monday, of course, we were many miles away. The road across La Mancha with its three windmills to remind one of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance, Don Quixote, was almost a distant memory. We were in fact in Granada.

Granada, the one-time capital of a Moorish kingdom. Granada, the city on two hills, the Alhambra and the Albaicion: the one the ancient home of Arab princes, the other honeycombed with gypsy caves. Granada, whose very name must set poets fumbling for words to describe her. Granada, just the sound of which is music. Here we should end our search or return home beaten.

## Helpful porter

Our hotel porter proved invaluable. It was strange, he said, but two Dutchmen had asked him that afternoon if he knew where they could find some gypsy dancing. He gave us the name of a cave, La Faraona. There, he declared, the gypsies would dance an hour-long programme for a consideration. We would go that night.

At ten o'clock our car with the Dutchmen and two gypsy guides, Manuelo and Francisco, slipped silently down the narrow streets of the Alhambra into the centre of the town. Then, under orders of our escorts who though having never left the town in their short lives could speak what passed for French, we climbed slowly into the Albaicin.

Finally Manuelo called a halt and getting out of the car we stood beneath a hedge of

(*continued page seventeen*)

# *The Importance of being Fonteyn*

by CLIVE BARNES

*Fonteyn in the second dress designed for* Apparitions *by Cecil Beaton (Photo: Angus McBean)*

**The queues at Covent Garden for the Sadler's Wells September season were markedly smaller than they have been of late. There are three credible reasons. Firstly, August is a bad time for theatre bookings. People are either on holidays, saving for holidays, or broke from holidays. Secondly the management have, not unreasonably, raised their prices, and finally Fonteyn is not announced as dancing during the season.**

**Happily Fonteyn's absence is only temporary, necessitated by her need to rest, but the time must come when Fonteyn's services will no longer be available to the Sadlers Wells' company, and now seems a good time to attempt some assessment of her importance to our National ballet.**

FONTEYN is a very great dancer. In a brief analysis of her importance I can do nothing more than indicate her greatness. Like Andrew Marvell, I have not world enough or time, and in any case to describe Fonteyn needs a pen far worthier than mine. A pen that could do justice to the inhuman brilliance and rich humanity of her dancing. Anyone can write about lesser dancers but who can attempt to describe the illumination of her Rose Adagio, the womanliness of her Chloe, the sensuousness of her Tiresias?

## Musical Sensitivity

Fonteyn has no considerable range; versatility she put behind her when she proceeded forward to the frontiers of her art. Before she became a ballerina she was a dancer with a fluent, soft style, who excelled in many roles. Since her full maturity, which seemed to reveal itself dramatically during the summer of 1948, she has found an astonishing bravura and passion. This new Fonteyn, the truly magnificent Fonteyn, is only really at her best as Aurora, Odette-Odile, and in the roles created for her by Ashton. There is nothing ethereal about her dancing and she is better likened to a tropical bloom than an English rose. As a dancer she is outstanding for the sensitivity, of her reaction to music, as a personality the quality she possesses above all others is warmth. Before I die I will probably see many dancers though never one quite like Fonteyn; dancers as great possibly, but no one with precisely her qualities.

## Two Ballerinas

Fonteyn as an individual is irreplaceable. There are those who foresee that Elvin could take her place, but I am not one of them. Elvin, like Fonteyn, is a fine ballerina. Her development is not yet complete, but it seems possible, even probable, that when it is she will be in her way as great as Fonteyn, but her way will not be Fonteyn's way. One of the great sources of the company's strength, if I may be so unfashionable as to praise the Wells, lies in its possession of these two ballerinas, both so splendid, both so different, that each gains an added lustre from the other's presence. The company would not be so interesting with only one ballerina of this status, and were Fonteyn to leave before the emergence of a successor, either the quota of classical ballets will have to be drastically reduced or life for the devotees will become much drearier.

## Centre of Solar system

Her importance as an artist is not the end of the story. Her significance in the historical development of English ballet has been underlined so often that it needs no re-emphasis here, although it can never be denied or forgotten, but what may perhaps be underestimated is the large part she plays in the popularity in this country, of ballet in general, and the National ballet in particular. It seems open to reasonable doubt as to whether any single person or factor in modern ballet can prove such an enticement to audiences as Fonteyn. The Sadler's Wells Ballet has for a variety of reasons—the importance given to the nineteenth century classics and the somewhat limited nature of its own repertory are only two of them—relied for a large part of its audience-support on a star-system. (It seems strange that with all the adverse criticism recently aimed at the Wells this point has not been raised by the company's denigrators.) Fonteyn is the central figure of this star-system and without her, unless a dancer of equal appeal can be found, business at the box-office might be rather less brisk.

Like Frankie and Johnnie "this story ain't got no moral." Fonteyn holds a position of unique importance in English ballet, importance that it would be difficult to over-estimate. This is a fact from which conclusions cannot be drawn. Nevertheless if she, rather than Ashton's choreography, should prove the corner-stone of the company, either in fact or in the public's esteem, then when the time comes for her finally to leave, some aspects of her importance could prove regrettable. Let us hope that her recovery will be swift and that she will soon be back with us again—amazing, delighting and moving her audience. And let us also hope that for the sake of the dim-distant future, during her absence the hearts of the company and audience will become not only fonder, but also steeled to the idea of someday doing without our very important ballerina.

### ROLES CREATED BY FONTEYN

1935 Young Bride in *Le Baiser de la Fee* (Ashton-Stravinsky)

1936 Woman in the Ball Dress in *Apparitions* (Ashton-Liszt). Flower Girl in *Nocturne* (Ashton-Delius).

1937 Julia in *A Wedding Bouquet* (Ashton-Berners). The Girl born under Virgo in *Horoscope* (Ashton-Lambert).

1940 Child of Light in *Dante Sonata* (Ashton-Liszt). The Bride in *The Wise Virgins* (Ashton-Bach).

1941 Success in *The Wanderer* (Ashton-Schubert). Love in *Orpheus and Eurydice* (De Valois-Gluck).

1942 The Lady in *Comus* (Helpmann-Purcell). Ophelia in *Hamlet* (Helpmann-Tchaikovsky).

1943 Una in *The Quest* (Ashton-Walton).

1946 *Symphonic Variations* (Ashton-Cesar Franck).

1948 Ballerina in *Scenes de Ballet* (Ashton-Stravinsky). Agathe in *Les Demoiselle de la Nuit* (Petit-Francaix). La Morte Amoureuse in *Don Juan* (Ashton-Strauss).

1950 Aldonza in *Don Quixote* (De Valois-Gerhard). *L'lles des Sirenes* (Rodrigues-Debussy).

1951 Chloe in *Daphnis and Chloe* (Ashton-Ravel) Tiresias in *Tiresias* Ashton-Lambert).

*In the second act of* Giselle. *Had she not been forced to retire temporarily from ballet it is possible that she would have again danced this role during the winter season. Though never considered at her best in this role, it is possible that with her increasing development she would now shine in this role as she does in all the other classics (Photo: Mandinian)*

# *Resurgence of the*

**Overcoming all the obstacles which sought to destroy it, France's most important itinerant ballet company has risen triumphant from the ashes.**

**Again it has been possible to see the works which have had such a far reaching effect on post-war ballet creation.**

*Moreau and Skouratoff in* Les Forains, *the ballet around which the company was formed in* 1946. *Today, having passed its four hundredth performance the magic remains and it gets as good a performance as it ever did.*
(*Photo: Duncan Melvin*)

*Below right. René Bon as the Joker in* Jeu de Cartes. *It was in this role that London first saw Babilée. Bon's interpretation is different but equally effective.*

THE almost unceasing procession of ballet in England since the war has been punctuated—violently and with little warning—at regular intervals by Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées.

Few people were prepared, after their first 1946 season at the Adelphi for the far-reaching effect that this company would have on the post-war trend in ballet. In fact the whole season was dismissed rather cursorily by those who should have known better, though they later came round to admitting reluctantly that Boris Kochno's group had a good deal to offer.

No company in the world, with the possible exception of a good Spanish company, reflects so truly the life and thought of its country, in ballet form. Their little works, which only appear to skim the surface of life, have a depth which fluctuates according to the mood of the moment.

That first season revealed a new choreographer—Roland Petit; a new male dancer—Jean Babilée; re-affirmed our belief in Sauguet and Ibert as important ballet composers, Bérard and Jean Hugo as designers; introduced new stage decorators—Clavé, Beaurepaire, and Malclès. Above all, it brought a rush of new ideas into the theatre at a time when the world, stunned by a sudden and uneasy peace, needed them.

True, there were things that, in the eyes of the drearily meticulous English, were far from perfect. The finish of all the dancers was untidy, *corps de ballet* precision non-existent, discipline almost unknown. The programmes also had an infuriating habit of changing in content and order without warning or stated reason. But verve and artistry made ample amends for these shortcomings.

The ensuing years added to their reputation and repertoire—Babilée and Philippart had *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort* created for them, Vyroubova became the embodiment of Taglioni in a reconstruction of *La Sylphide*. In 1948, Petit left to form his own company but he left his works behind. The lack of a resident choreographer of his calibre has been, and still is, one of the greatest problems the company has to face. Lichine stayed awhile and made two important ballets—*La Création* and *La Rencontre*. Babilée tried his hand at this difficult art and showed great promise in *L'amour et son amour*, even greater in *Tyl Eulenspiegel*, then he left taking both with him.

Unconsciously the company had, over the years, started to rely on the personality of its stars—a fatal mistake made by almost every company. Therefore when bereft of them, as it was in 1950, the disintegration was immediate. Fighting against enormous odds it made spasmodic appearances and tours, boosted-up by guest artists; owing to the faith of Administrator Jean Robin and *Maître de Ballet* Youly Algaroff a spark of life has somehow been kept alive.

### Return to London after two years.

Bearing all this in mind it was not with so much surprise that I received a telephone call on August 26 to inform me that the company would open a London season at the Cambridge Theatre just one week later. What folly was this? I stormed, begged, and implored that the season should be postponed so that the company might have more time to rehearse after their holdiay, and give the publicity machine time to get under way in order to build-up the many new artists. Naturally nobody paid any heed to my ravings so I started to polish up a nostalgic article I had written a year ago to be published when the final nail had been hammered in the Champs-Elysées coffin. So convinced was I that the final nail would be knocked home in Seven Dials.

The opening night proved that I had miscalculated on many points. The fact that many of the ballets had become classics in their own right I had overlooked. Nor did it seem possible that anyone could instil so much discipline into a French company—Algaroff had achieved this miracle. Nor had I recokoned on the growing development of Skouratoff which now makes him as good as, if not better than Petit and Babilée in the roles they created. My only correct calculation being that a week is not enough for advance publicity and the box office cannot help but suffer accordingly in spite of the untiring efforts of the Press Representative, Audrey Wordsworth.

The first night of the season opened with *Impromptu au Bois* by the American choreographer, Ruth Page. Concerning some rather unlikely incidents in a public park, it was completely trivial. But triviality should not be dismissed as being something necessarily bad. It is a useful opening and closing ballet and some of the choreography is not uninteresting. Sonia Arova as a Young Girl and Gerard Ohn, as an Old Roué who tried to tempt her with diamonds, danced with an ease and fluidity that disguised the difficult and complicated steps. The music of Ibert's *Divertissement* is really too subtle for a work that lacked subtlety above all else.

*Le Rendez-vous*, which followed, was in the original repertoire and oddly enough was rather overlooked in the first season probably on account of the many other more spectacular delights. Since then it has grown in popularity and the theme has been used as a film, *Les Portes de la Nuit*, and one of the tunes has become a smash hit in the past year. Prévert's wistful poem of love and fate against the grey half-world of Paris—the Paris of the Bal Musette and the Metro—is the most essentially French of all ballets. It reveals a new Skouratoff who seems to live the role of

the young man who hopes to avoid death because of an imagined rendez-vous with the Most Beautiful Girl in the World. In this latter role Danielle Darmance lacks the staggering beauty of Philippart, who will always be associated with it, but she gives a very good performance and is much more the sort of beauty that the boy would think about. Both Deryk Mendel and René Bon were frightening as the Hunchback who befriends the boy. Alexandra Richer as Flowerseller lacked the quality of being eternally solitary which Sadovska always managed to impart. Both Kosma's score and Brassai's photomontage decor contribute to the remarkable atmosphere of this work.

# *Champs-Elysees*

by

PETER WILLIAMS

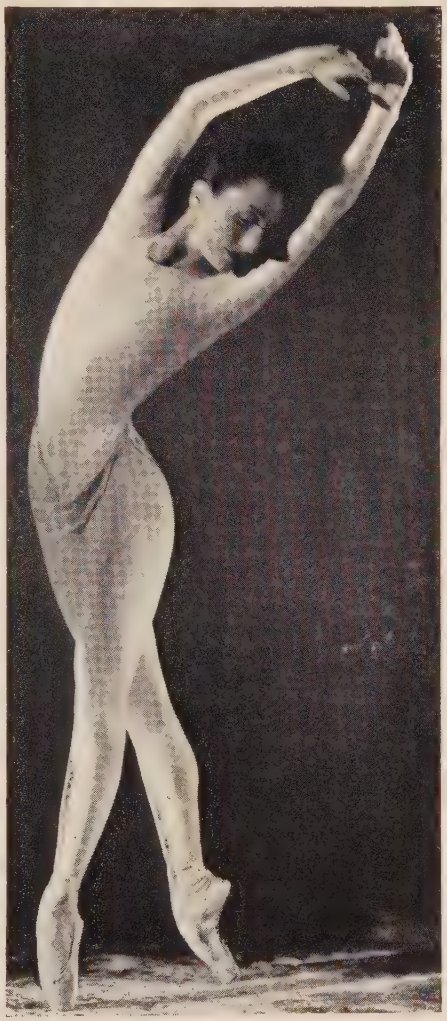
*Youly Algaroff, now* Maître de Ballet, *who has achieved the miracle of instilling discipline into a French company. In the past year he has been ill and unable to dance but it is hoped that he will able to return as a dancer when the company opens its Paris season at the Empire Theatre on October 5.*

*Les Forains* which traditionally closed the opening programme should by rights be wide open to criticism as not one of the original cast appears in it, yet it retains all its magic. During the season I saw three Conjurors, Fosca, Ohn, and Skouratoff. It is not really the role for the former, Ohn is very competent and will, no doubt, add further touches to make this a more complete study; Skouratoff was outstanding. He is even better than Petit and has obviously given a great deal of thought and is never out of character. He is the embodiment of the dapper French wizard. As the mesmerised Sleeping Beauty, both Trailine and Moreau were excellent. This work has well passed its four hundredth performance and, providing the company continues, there is not the slightest reason why we should not get equal enjoyment out of the four thousandth.

On August 7, Lichine's *La Rencontre* was revived. The meeting between Oedipus and the Sphinx before the gates of Thebes cannot be considered to be a ballet in the accepted sense. It is an exciting theatrical spectacle using plastic movement. It is strange and almost mystic. It is an idea set in motion and decorated by Bérard with all the ingenious beauty of the South Bank Exhibition probably the happiest marriage yet between realism and constructivism. The Sphinx, so unforgetably created by Leslie Caron, does not suffer in the hands of Darmance and Dalba. The former was acrobatic, the latter enigmatic—both, in their various ways, conveyed the Sphinx's inscrutable smile. Fosca and Skouratoff both made Oedipus a noble wanderer and this was the former's finest role. The great weakness of the work is that Lichine has had to resort to mouths opening and shutting to convey verbal parts of this duel—the use of the whole body in a variation would have been so much more expressive. In spite of these faults, it is a work that continues to be fascinating and gives a wonderful feeling of the distant thunder that was eventually to develop into the overwhelmingly tragic storm of Oedipus' life.

If *La Rencontre* is an example of the uses that elements that go to make ballet can be put to, then *La Creation* (revived on August 14) breaks all accepted theories. No music, no decor, would almost seem to be anti-ballet, yet somehow it is not. When Lichine mounted this work for the Princes' season in '48, it seemed an interesting experiment but a stunt that would not survive more than one, possibly two, seasons. Today it is better than before, and it affects the audience in a way that I have seldom encountered in the theatre—for twenty minutes there is nothing to be heard except for the occasional cough, or squeak of a dancer's shoe. Against the bare stage resembling a ballet class, the Creator seeks his ideal while suffering all the uncertainty and temptation always attendant upon creation whether it be the world, an empire or a clockwork mouse. Skouratoff seems almost transfigured in his agony and triumph; this was, to me at any rate, one of the most gratifying revelations of a dancer who before this season had rather lacked expression. The patterns of Lichine's choreography are at all times beautiful and they are realised, almost with reverence, by Arova, Trailine, Darmance and Fosca.

Stravinsky's *Jeu de Cartes* was scored for a large orchestra, but seldom, in the theatres where the company play, can anything like full justice be done to it. During the first season at the Adelphi, this fact was rather overlooked owing to the remarkable performance of Babilée as the Joker (the first role he ever danced in London). Without him the faults become more apparent. Charrat's choreography is rather confused though it has many wonderful moments. I do not think she has realised the subtleties of the score with its many references to other composers such as Rossini and Delibes, nor has she clarified the three poker hands. The work was revived on August 14 with René Bon as the Joker. It is hard to think of anyone other than Babilée but Bon seems to have given the role a great deal of thought with the result that it has more meaning. There are many new touches in the sly way he tries to pit the various cards against each other. Babilée was arrogant but Bon is the complete twister and his slight figure is ideal for the leaps, turns and tumbles that the role demands. The work was, on the whole, well danced by the rest of the company and especially by Helene Trailine as the Queen of Hearts.



*Maria Dalba as The Sphinx in* La Rencontre

Most programmes contained two classical *pas de deux*. I suppose these have to be put in as a sop to an audience that seems to demand such things but it seems a poor way to respect a classic if the best dances have to be raped from their proper setting; this is one of the most distressing tendencies of contemporary ballet spectacle. The obvious thing to do is to create new *pas de deux* to display the technique of your classical dancers, as Victor Gsovsky has done in his *Pas Classique* to Auber music. Following the usual pattern of a *Grand pas de deux*, Gsovsky has made a beautiful adage, two of the best variations seen for years and a slightly disappointing coda. Moreau and Skouratoff gave fine performances in this as well as in the *Don Quixote pas de deux*. Moreau is a dancer with great charm and she has a warmth that never becomes vulgar. She has the brilliance that we have come to associate with Paris Opera dancers, but some of her work is spoilt by untidy finish. Like Toumanova she has her "off" nights but at her best she is one of the most distinguished visiting ballerinas that have appeared here since the war. Arova also danced these same *pas* with Kalioujny and she showed a vastly improved technique and if she did not shine as much as she should have, I think it can be put down to bad partnering; as Kalioujny was a sick man.

The season was most invigorating and the general level of the dancing far higher than at any time in the history of the company. Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées holds a very important position in the world today in that it is the only company that not only delights in experimentation but has the ability to turn experiments into masterpieces. When we see around us the many old works churned-out in order to satisfy the appetite of an undiscerning public, the still small voice from the Avenue Montaigne seems the one thing that may help the art of ballet to keep its head above the rapidly increasing bog of mediocrity. It is imperative that in order to do this it should retain the present company, develop another choreographer of the Petit calibre, and instantly create some new ballets that reflect the beautiful country it so truly represents.

# Consider our assessors

"NEVER argue with the critics. They always have the last word".

How many artists have been given this well-meant advice by friends, and what nonsense it is. *The Paying Public* always has the last word. And in these days the ballet public is quite as able to judge dancing as the young men and girls fresh from school, or the frustrated dancers who are allowed, in spite of the current paper shortage, to air their views in newspapers and dance magazines.

If I were asked why I am so resentful of some of the present-day dance critics, I should answer in the words of Andre Charlot, the great revue producer, who once said to me, "You know, Anton, it is not that I consider myself so superior but that I consider the critics so inferior".

These words were said to me at least fifteen years ago, but the significance of them has never been more marked than it is today.

Of what do I complain? To be honest, I complain that a minimum of knowledge and a maximum of arrogance appears in the writings of too many of the present day critics. Some certainly have experience, yet with the years their memories seem to have become clouded so that they cannot remember out of or into which window Nijinsky made his breath-taking leaps in *Le Spectre de la Rose*. Others have the effrontery to give great artists, who have spent their life cultivating the technique of the dance, instructions on how they should dance a certain role.

If I, or any other dancer who knows his business, dance poorly at a performance, we naturally expect to be taken to task by the critic. But it is sheer impertinence for some ex-student of the dance, who has failed to make the grade, to tell those who know what to do, how to do it.

When Big Bill Tilden lost a tennis match, I doubt very much whether any sports writer offered to give him tennis lessons.

And as for the younger generation of critics, those who bandy Diaghileff's name around so blithely, comparing his era with that of the present day, these young men and women seem to forget that they could only by chance have been taken at a tender age to a matinee performance of the Russian Ballet, and that ice-cream and chocolates were probably more their precious "cup of tea" than the technical subtleties of *Petrouchka*.

## ANTON DOLIN'S PAGE

Today a young man having had one year of dancing lessons, admittedly with one of the greatest teachers of ballet, is deemed qualified to write about the artists of the dance (and in DANCE AND DANCERS), and to air his views so as to see his precious words in print. When, oh when, will this fantastic waste of space and idiotic criticism of a great art be stopped.

In my opinion the dance critic of *The Observer* overstepped the bounds of legitimate criticism when he undertook to act in an advisory capacity to Dame Ninette de Valois, whose record as artistic administrator of the Sadler's Wells Ballet speaks for itself.

The trouble lies in the fact that the said critic writes entertainingly, and consequently there is a danger that his most unwise suggestions may be taken seriously by his readers. If he finds that certain qualities in the present composition of that world-famous company are unsatisfactory, he is obviously entitled to say so and enlarge upon the causes of his dissatisfaction. But when he suggests the incorporation of a co-director, and names a candidate whose record of success does not begin to compare with that of Dame Ninette de Valois, he is treading on dangerous and apparently unknown ground.

My good friend Ninette needs no defence against pinpricks of this sort from myself, or those of us who have come up against the same obstacles which she has overcome so successfully. But the younger generation of ballet enthusiasts can only be guided by what they see, or what they read from the pen of a reputable and knowledgeable writer.

It is because of this that those whose lives are dedicated to the world of dancing should protest when they read ill-considered judgments which are likely to mislead the inexperienced ballet enthusiast.

Critics today are either so absurdly eulogistic with their words of praise or so poisoned with their destructive attitude to so much thought and hard work, that were they writing about anything else but the dance, nothing but a sound hard horse-whipping ought to be their reward.

A great ballerina recently appeared for the first time in Western Europe. Both her appearances were made admittedly under the worst possible circumstances—bad presentation and only a piano accompaniment—and whatever her great merits may be, far from fitting to the artist she indisputably is.

One magazine said "Critics from the U.S. and England agreed that she was easily the best of the world's ballerinas".

Yet I know several well-informed intelligent and cultured friends who have seen her and the ballet over the last twenty-five years and, nearly if not all, the great ballerinas of our time. Their opinion, though far from uncomplimentary, in no way tallies with the ecstatic poems of praise that have been heaped on the ballerina's quite charming head.

I tread here on dangerous ground and I am aware of it. But I defy that anyone having seen a few badly dressed old-fashioned ballet dances, including *Dying Swan*, to be able to extol in their eulogies of praise someone as superior to at least three great ballerinas we all know, whose work and artistry has been proved by their prowess in the great classics of the ballet.

No, for heaven's sake, let us keep our heads a while longer before destroying or trying to belittle artists whom we really know are great.

The critics should stop writing about ballet and trying to be clever at its expense. It costs far too much to create a ballet to have it become the butt of witty words so that some uninformed dilettante of the arts can see his or her initials attached as the writer.

## *Backward Glances* 5

How beach fashions change!
On the left are Lydia Sokolova, as Perlouse, and Anton Dolin, as Beau Gosse, in Nijinska's *Le Train Bleu*. When this ballet was created for Dolin in 1924, the costumes designed by Chanel considered to be very smart and daring.
(*Photo: Sasha*)

On the right are typical swimsuits of today. Nora Kaye and Alicia Markova are seen on the shoulders of Dolin and John Gilpin during their holiday on the Lido this summer.
(*Photo: Edward Kennedy*)

*Music*
by EVAN SENIOR

# Constant Lambert composer and pioneeer

**The loss of Constant Lambert is one of the most grievous ever suffered by ballet in Britain. He was its musical heart and, because of his wider culture in which music was only one part, much of its soul.**

CONSTANT LAMBERT was one of those rare spirits, an artist. To him, what we call "culture" was indivisible. When you began to talk on music with him, as it was my privilege to do on more than one occasion, you soon found that with him, as with all great men, his own particular aspect of art had its roots in a deep, eager and excited zest for all existence, in all manifestations of the human mind, soul and body.

"Music, Ho!" was his lusty and healthy call. But that was because music was his own language the form in which he expressed himself. What made his music was his life, a life in which the classics of art and literature and music were inextricably bound up with the great enjoyments of life: with a real living, in which the things of the spirit became one with things like the growth of plants, the ways of his beloved cats, the joys of food and wine, the burrowing into the minds and hearts of people.

All this and more Constant Lambert brought to ballet, a galaxy of gifts more valuable, even of more practical use in the long run, than all the piffling technicalities of the mere specialist.

That he was musical director and adviser to the Sadler's Wells Ballet from its inception is common knowledge. What he gave to the infant, how he quietly but surely helped to set its feet on the right path, what guidance he gave to dancers and administrators with little knowledge of anything beyond dancing or administration, only those who received it can really know. Where Sadler's Wells would now be without that initial guidance we can only guess. Those of us who have heard and experienced ballet when Constant Lambert has once again held the baton can, by comparison, make some pretty shrewd guesses.

Lambert's own musical gifts, as composer and arranger, have been given lavishly to ballet. A growing generation has yet to understand much of this, for it is easy to take for granted the knowledge and understanding and feeling displayed in even the simplest of his arrangements of the music of other people.

His own music can speak for itself, if we listen to it with more than merely our ears. Much of it was outside the sphere of ballet; but it is significant that his last work was for ballet, only completed almost before the rise of the curtain on *Tiresias*.

To know Constant Lambert, we must know more than his ballet music. Follow it through: listen to *Rio Grande* and get to know it so that you can hear the whole thing in one instant of time; do the same with *Summer's Last Will and Testament;* and then do the same thing with *Tiresias*, his swan-song, even if you don't watch a step of it. Then you will understand something of the man who once said to me, throwing up his hands in a typical gesture as the words stuttered from him: "Hell, you can't tell people anything unless they're first prepared to listen!"

Constant Lambert's genius illumined much of the British musical scene, in spheres other than ballet. It shone through the period of "music in decline" which so exasperated him; it blazed even through the mists of ill-health that clouded his latter days, in a glory which we have yet to appreciate fully.

*Constant Lambert at work.* *(Photo: B.B.C.)*

# No mountain out of a molehill

**Should small orchestras play music for ballet that the composer scored for many more instruments?**

LISTENING to some recent performances from the orchestra-pit, in ballet in London, my mind has been taken back to an occasion many years ago when I was sitting in a theatre many thousands of miles away watching a performance of *Schéhérazade*.

In the orchestra pit was a struggling band of about 20 players, ambling its way thinly through one of the richest and most colourful scores in the world, (a score which I heard again the other night in its full golden glory by an orchestra of nearly 90).

My companion whispered to me: "This sounds rather like meeting what you might call the skeleton of a piece of music!"

How right he was—and how often, in ballet performances today, do we hear merely the skeleton of what the music is supposed to be!

This happens so often nowadays that it is safe to say that ballet goers are far too often being cheated when it comes to performances of the music used in ballet.

Not always, of course. Some music is written for a small orchestra, thought of in the first place by the composer as sound of a certain type from a certain definite number of instruments.

But when music is conceived in terms of a large orchestra, then a large orchestra should be used or the music not performed at all. This at once imposes limitations, because we all know that not all ballet companies can afford to use a large and expensive orchestra. But when we have only a ten-horsepower car we don't attempt to haul an express train with it, much as we may want to.

A work such as Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Schéhérazade*, for example, was conceived in terms of a certain number of instruments, balanced to achieve exactly the effect the composer intended. Take away only a few of them, and the sound wears thin; you're not hearing what was planned. The same thing happens with a score like *Petrouchka* or *Firebird*; in this case, Stravinsky himself has in more recent years re-scored these for smaller orchestras, losing much of the effect of the original, and proving once more that, in art, second thoughts are by no means better than the white heat of original inspiration.

Examples of this kind of thing come to mind from the recent season of Les Ballets des Champs-Elysees at the Cambridge, when the new ballet, *Impromptu au Bois*, was danced to the music of Jacques Ibert's naughty and witty *Divertissement*. It is a work scored for a large orchestra, and, properly played, it is the kind of thing that keeps you in fits of laughter from beginning to end. This time it took me a good couple of minutes even to recognise what was being played! The orchestra did its best with its limited numbers; but in such circumstances there is only one thing to do—not to attempt it. And that goes for a lot more of the music which is so often "pinched" for ballet purposes.

Maybe those of you, who are only lovers of the dance, may think I'm quibbling. But how would you like to see *Les Sylphides* done with a *corps-de-ballet* of six, or the Little Swans cut down to two? Would you accept the excuse of expense?

EXPECT THESE RECORDS.

H.M.V.

*The Sleeping Beauty* (Waltz) Tchaikovsky. Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Nicolai Malko. C4104, (6/10).
*Coppelia Ballet Music.* (Delibes) Royal Opera House Orchestra. Conductor, Robert Irving. C4105, (6/10).

COLUMBIA.

*Pineapple Poll* (Sullivan arr. Mackerras) Two records. The Complete Pineapple Poll Ballet music is on six double-sided records. They will be published two at a time. When the last two are published automatic couplings of the complete work will be made available. DX1767-8 (each 6/10).

## IMPROMPTU AU BOIS

**First given in London by Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées at the Cambridge Theatre on August 2, 1951. Music by Jacques Ibert. Décor and costumes, George Wakhevitch. Choreography and story by Ruth Page.**

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Young Girl* | Sonia Arova |
| *The Young Man* | Igor Fosca |
| *The Old Roue* | Gerard Ohn |
| *The Registrar* | Lucio Iandoli |
| *The Midinettes* | Alexandra Richer, Christiane Franky, Una Russel, Marcelle Defour, Gayle Spear, Annie Salvan, Nicole Morice, Marie-Rose Millon, Anne-Marie Coralli |
| *Policemen and Park-keepers* | Jacques Ribes, Antonio Pardina |

A WEALTHY old roue disturbs two lovers sitting on a park bench (top photo on right). By offering a bag of gold and jewels to the young girl, he persuades her to marry him. The young man runs away with the gold and a false registrar, standing by, unites the old man and the girl. The old man has no time to prove his love as she repulses him and gaily dances with her returned lover. Their frolics are interrupted by the old man who challenges the boy to a duel (photo, top left). In the ensuing fight, the old man falls dead. The police arrest the young man and are going to take him off to prison when the old man comes back to life. All ends in a burst of gaiety with the young lovers reunited and the old man consoled by two Midinettes (photo, bottom right).

(*Photo top left by Keystone, the other two by Serge Lido*)

## L'ASTROLOGUE

**Ballet in three scenes. Scenario and music by Henry Barraud; production and choreography by Serge Lifar; settings and costumes by Mme. Suzanne Roland-Manuel. First given at the Theatre National de l'Opera, Paris, on Wednesday, April 25, 1951.**

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Astrologer* | Roger Ritz |
| *The Village Girl* | Micheline Bardin |

Mlles. Thalia, Rigel, Bessy, Deleplanque, Amigues, Clavier, Even, Rayet, Devenel, Jhanyne; Mm. Franchetti, Bari, X. Andréani, Duflot, Touroude, etc.

THIS ballet, which has not found great favour with the Parisian public, is based on a fable by La Fontaine.

An astrologer seeks the truth of his art down a well, but the apparitions which pass before his eyes ever conceal from him the essential truth. Finally he is cured of his illusion, and, returning to the village square, finds a reality which is within his grasp—the girl whose beauty he had not noticed before in his preoccupation with matters far above his head.

**IVOR GUEST**

(*Photo : Lipnitzki*)

(*Above*) *Rosella Hightower, and* (*right*) *with Serge Golovine in* Tarasiana. *The photograph was taken on the terrace of the Deauville Casino* (*Photo: Jean Robier*)

# TARASIANA

**Choreography, John Taras; Music, Tchaikovsky (Theme and Variations from *Mozartiana*); Costumes, Jean Robier.**

**First given at Deauville on August 16, 1951, by the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas.**

CAST

Rosella Hightower Serge Golovine

THE *pas de deux* as we know it (usually lifted bodily out of some great classic and altered to suit the technical ability of certain dancers) has gained a startling popularity. Since the war, it has become almost indispensable to any ballet programme. The merits and demerits of this procedure have been argued again and again but the fact remains that the public enjoys this kind of display and will probably continue to do so. Today, Hightower Queen of the *pas de deux*. Everywhere she is famous for *Black Swan* and *Casse Noisette*. Recently she evoked even more excitement by her combination of style and pyrotechnics in *Don Quixote*, revived after three years.

But there is only a limited number of classical *pas de deux*, so John Taras recently created a new one to end them all—*Tarasiana*. The music he chose was the series of piano pieces which Tchaikovsky orchestrated under the title of *Mozartiana*. Hightower was partnered by Serge Golovine.

It has the usual qualities and faults of all Taras' work. It begins on a key of invention and excitement, passes through some beautiful and original combinations of *pas*, turns dirivative, and ends in confusion.

Happily Taras has Hightower to interpret his work and if she does not completely obliterate the faults, her presence helps to disguise them. Although the work is somewhat uneven, Hightower again emerges as one of the truly great ballerinas of our time. In her first short variation and in part of the adagio, her artistry and brilliance were given full scope. These qualities also overcame some clumsy passages in the second scene variation and coda. Never has she had more command, and the white eighteenth century inspired tutu designed by Robier was very striking.

Serge Golovine also has an excellent costume but he is not shown off so well. His first variation was full of simple invention and possibly because of this it seemed brilliant. His second variation presented problems—more choreographic than technical—that became almost insurmountable. He is one of the finest dancers that France has to offer today and is admirable in all his various roles; perhaps with a little more work, Taras could present him with more manageable material.

The whole presentation of *Tarasiana* should give the choreographer food for thought. That this particular *pas de deux* will achieve its initial success everywhere is perfectly obvious, but how much a part Taras will have played in this success is more questionable. He is a choreographer of great promise. It is only necessary to look at his *Designs for Strings* and moments of *Bal des Jeunes Filles* to realise this; his rearrangements of some of the dances from *Enchanted Mill* show both invention and humour. He has still got to feel his way as a choreographer and until he does, he must continue to depend on the brilliance of such artists as Hightower.

**Edward Langthorne.**

## *Two recent revivals at Paris Opera*

### SCHEHERAZADE

**Oriental ballet in one act. Music by Rimsky-Korsakov; choreography after Michel Fokine, arranged by Serge Lifar and Nicolas Zvereff; setting and costumes after Leon Bakst. Given at the Theatre National de l'Opera, Paris, on Wednesday, April 25, 1951.**

CAST

*Zobeida* .. .. .. .. Micheline Bardin
*Zobeida's Favourite Slave* .. Alexandre Kalioujny
*Shahrayar, King of India and China* .. .. .. .. Lucien Legrand
*The Chief Eunuch* .. .. .. M. Efimoff
*Shah-Zeman* .. .. .. .. .. M. Jamet
Mlles. Madeleine Lafon, Denise Bourgeois, Paulette Dynalix, etc.

*SCHEHERAZADE* is the third of Fokine's classics to be revived by Lifar and Zvereff since the former's return to the Opéra. Kalioujny, in the role of the Favourite Slave, originally played by Nijinski, created a great sensation at the first performance, particularly by his death scene, but unluckily injured his foot; he reappeared at the third performance on July 16. Micheline Bardin was well suited for the part of Zobeida, and showed qualities of interpretation which had not been apparent before. Efimoff gave a very fine performance as the Chief Eunuch.

### SYLVIA

**Ballet in three acts. Scenario by Jules Barbier and Baron de Reinach; music by Delibes; choreography newly arranged by Albert Aveline; settings and costumes by Brianchon. Revived (175th performance) at the Theatre National de l'Opera, Paris, on Monday, July 23, 1951.**

CAST

*Sylvia* .. .. .. .. .. Lycette Darsonval
*Aminta* .. .. .. .. Michel Renault
*Orion* .. .. .. .. Max Bozzoni
*Diane* .. .. .. .. .. Mlle. Rigel
*Eros* .. .. .. .. .. M. Efimoff
*Two Ethiopian Slaves* Mlles. Deleplanque, Clavier.
Mlles. Thalia, Bessy, Amigues, Even, Rayet, Gérodez, Sianina, Jhanyne, Le Roy; Mm. Duprez, Franchetti, Bari, X. Andréani, Duflot, Sauvageot, etc.

SHORTLY after the seventy-fifth anniversary of its creation, *Sylvia* was again revived at the Opéra this year. Lycette Darsonval, who first danced the title-role in 1941, is a worthy successor to the three great dancers who had triumphed in it before her: Rita Sangalli, Rosita Mauri, and Carlotta Zambelli. Her physique and her bearing fit her particularly for the role of the nymph of Diana. She and Michel Renault danced the *pas de deux* in the third act with great *éclat*.

**Ivor Guest**

# curtain up!

THE first visit of Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées for two years, was made the excuse for a number of parties. The first being given by Peter Daubeny (who presented them) at his house in South Audley Street and the last being given by Monsieur Tony Mayer, French Cultural Attaché, at his flat in Chester Square.

Both parties were mainly for the company and just a very few personal friends of the company. These are the sort of parties that are the most appreciated by dancers because after giving a performance they are tired and want to relax; a thing that is quite impossible if they have to meet a lot of new people.

Few Cultural Attachés have done more to foster an understanding of the arts between two great countries than Tony Mayer. Ever since the war, he and his wife have lavishly entertained all visiting French artists. In their flat they have developed a system by which about thirty people can sit down for a meal; when it is over, tables and chairs are miraculously whisked away and the guests can have coffee and liqueurs in comfort in the same room.

The question of entertaining visiting artists in the right manner is a problem that is frequently overlooked in this country. There is no doubt that both their performance and impressions of this country are considerably enhanced by the way they are feted. Anton Dolin is one of the best examples in this respect, he treats all visiting dancers as if they were Royalty on a State visit.

AT a farewell tea party given by the Vic Wells Association for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet on September 1, Dame Ninette de Valois made one of her usual excellent speeches. She told the story, not generally known, of how the Association aided the company during the war. There was not enough money to pay for an orchestra and the ballets had to be given to two pianos. De Valois was certain that if an orchestra could be got into the pit it would never leave. The Vic Wells Association stepped forward and advanced the money, an orchestra was engaged and to this day it has never left the pit.

DO you believe in remote control? After dancing the *Don Quixote pas de deux* one evening, during the recent Champs-Elysées season at the Cambridge Theatre, Sonia Arova went to have supper at Nicks (most famous English restaurant for dancers). She had not been sitting at her table for more than a few minutes when a picture fell on her head. It was a signed photograph of Tamara Toumanova!

THE doves which are such an integral part of *Les Forains* have an interesting history. The present pair that flutter about at the end of the *pas de deux* for The Conjurer and Sleeping Beauty, are descendants of the original two. During the time that the Champs-Elysées Ballet were not working, the doves were looked after by one of the stage hands. Not long ago the stage hand presented Jean Robin with a rather large bill, when the Administrator asked why the bill was so large he was told that the doves had multiplied considerably—a fact that everyone seemed to have overlooked. However the large family were taken to the market and sold as "the original doves from *Les Forains*"; the money gained, more than paid for the avian board and lodging.

*Stanley Holden and Stella Farrance after their wedding at St. Francis Church, West Wickham, Kent, on August 6.*

*Both are members of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.*

*They will be the only married couple in the company when it tours America. Most people are wondering how many married couples will be in the company by the time it returns*

*(Photo: S. A. J. Quilter, Century Photos)*

The two most recent ones were Anglophobe, they cared neither for our food or country and for some days caused considerable anxiety as they would not eat and they would not coo.

CELIA FRANCA, who is now living in Toronto, where she is helping to organise the Canadian National Ballet, was married on August 3 to Herbert R. Anderson. We are sure that our readers will wish to join us in sending good wishes to one who has contributed so much to British Ballet, and congratulations to her husband.

MANY rumours have been laid with the recent announcement that Nicholas Magallanes is to be the principal male dancer and partner of Moira Shearer in the Hollywood film which the British ballerina will make with Danny Kaye. This is to be a life story of Hans Christian Andersen, and George Balanchine will be responsible for the choreography.

THE following announcement has appeared in a Los Angeles newspaper:

**DANCER FROM INDIA WILL MARRY**

Shusheila Shkari, 27-years-old Indian dancer will be married to Robert Helpmann, one of the lead dancers of Sadler's Wells Ballet, when she joins that group in London late in September, she announced yesterday. Miss Shkari, since 1944 under contract in Hollywood, will be the first Hindu star of the famed English ballet, with which she danced in London before coming to the United States in 1945.

A PLYMOUTH reader, David V. Davey, sends us the following story.

During a recent Rambert Ballet performance of *Fireflies* (formerly *Kaleidoscope*) at Plymouth, two of the dancers were holding a scarf-like piece of material across the front of the stage. A small boy in the audience was plainly heard to ask of his embarrassed parent, "Mummy, is that the sheet to catch the money?"

It says something for the young man's artistic perspicacity that he saw the sheet as a container for gifts, rather than as a shield for the performers against any less welcome objects.

THE job of talking about oneself for twenty-six hours might present considerable difficulties, and even some little embarrassment to many of us, and no doubt Margot Fonteyn quailed a little when the prospect of doing this for American Radio audiences was first put to her. However, the problem seems to have been solved by the judicious and generous use of gramophone records, of music, to illustrate the series of mainly biographical programmes which she is now recording for a New York station. This series of twenty-six one-hour programmes is a convincing tribute to the popularity of Fonteyn in the United States, where hard-headed businessmen have to be persuaded to risk a fortune on this sort of programme.

DAME NINETTE DE VALOIS added yet another honour to the growing list of recognitions of her work on July 12, when she was given an honorary doctorate of Literature by Reading University. As she already holds a doctorate of Music from London University, this seems finally to settle the question of Dame Ninette's title in print. Shortly after receiving her D.B.E. it was reported that Dame Ninette had expressed a preference for the style—Ninette de Valois, D.B.E. It would have been a simple courtesy to accede to such a request then, but now she is Ninette de Valois, D.B.E., Mus.D., Lit.D.; too much of a handful for our typesetters.

## happy birthday to...

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Helen Trailine | Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées | October 6 |
| Denys Palmer | International Ballet | October 9 |
| Marjorie Tallchief | De Cuevas Grand Ballet | October 19 |
| Elaine Fifield | Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet | October 28 |
| Serge Golovine | De Cuevas Grand Ballet | October 30 |
| Donald MacAlpine | Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet | November 4 |

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, 132-4, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post cards early.

NOT many people associate ballerinas with a great sense of humour. Markova is so frequently seen drifting on and off stage in an ethereal way that humour seems many miles away. But it's all there, and she never misses a trick.

When Festival Ballet were at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, they had to build-out some flats in front of the proscenium in order to mask the sides of the large apron stage. These were covered with trellis work and round the bottom were boxes of flowers.

Krassovska had been dancing a variation and by mistake had gone off into these false wings among the flowers. Markova who was standing in the wings watching the performance, turned to the stage director and said, "There, I told you so. You should have put up a notice with 'please keep off the grass' on it."

THE young French dancer, Jean-Pierre Martino, is recovering from pleurisy in a French sanatorium and will have to be there for at least six months. If any readers have back numbers of ballet literature they want to get rid of, he would be overjoyed to receive anything. His address is: Centre Universitaire de Cure, Aire-sur-Adour (Landes), France.

## New Books

*The Sadler's Wells Ballet* (*at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden*). Photos by Roger Wood. Foreword by Ninette de Valois, D.B.E. (Saturn Press, 6*s*.).

THIS new and inexpensive book shows all the dancers of the Sadler's Wells Ballet against various parts of the Opera House. Three of them were reproduced in our July issue. Like all books of this kind, some of the photographs are better than others. On the whole it makes an excellent volume for fans. Those who do not consider themselves in the fan-class can play a very amusing game trying to discover just why a certain background was chosen for a certain dancer. It should keep many people busy during the long winter evenings. L. T.

### EXPECT THESE

*Ballet Biographies*, by Gladys Davidson. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 21*s*. (approx), October (approx)).

*Opera Production for Amateurs*, by Harold Smethurst. (Turnstile Press, Ltd. 9*s*. 6*d*.—late September).

## take your choice!

### RAMBERT SCRAPBOOK

However did Rambert Scrap Book come to be televised? . . . this . . . never came within a pirouette of being entertainment. . . . The crusaders of television (who) want to attract more interest in ballet have scared thousands off for life.

(George Campey in the *Evening Standard*)

Of all the television ballet I have seen, "Rambert Scrap Book" gave me greatest pleasure. The programme was built up on the firmest of foundations; an informative but sparkling commentary which seemed to contain almost equal measures of script and spontaneity.

(A. H. Franks in the *Dancing Times*)

## SEARCH FOR THE SOURCE IN SPAIN

(*continued from page eight*)

cactus while our eyes slowly becoming more used to the dark picked out the square shapes of palace towers across the valley and the entrances to caves above us.

We followed Francisco and his brother. Suddenly, from the night, there darted a diminutive figure and as we climbed towards the door of La Faraona it begged us with expressive mime to desert our friends and go with him. With all the grace in Spain it whirled and capered in the dust.

Now if your imagination has leapt ahead and pictured for itself a cave of beaten earth where gypsies sit in the flickering light of candles and others dance from dusk till dawn, more's the pity. Modern Spain has modern caves and the one La Faraona herself welcomed us to was a tiled affair with white washed walls and a naked electric light bulb hanging from the rough ceiling.

We sat on chairs along one wall in front of an arch which led to a bedroom. Slowly the cave filled up with dancers as the word spread through the hills that they were wanted until finally the whole team had reported. Fourteen dancers were there that night—thirteen women and one boy, while across the entrance were seated the musicians, three with guitars, one with a mandolin.

The first dance was in the nature of a welcome to her house, said La Faraona. It was a joyful thing performed by the elder women of the family who held themselves with native dignity.

Dances then followed in a confusing pattern —*zambras*, *tanguillos*, *soleares*, *faruccas* and *bulerias* till all that remains is a kaleidoscope of colour and a memory of mounting excitement. From all this, however, there emerges the personality of one.

She was called Quanita and she was ten years old. Quite unreservedly I believe that she was one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen.

In her first solo she swayed like a bullrush in the wind. She never smiled; her face remained a mask of delicate porcelain. At one point as the guitars stopped she dropped to the floor as though a trap had opened beneath her. Her long skirt was flared around like the petals of a poppy; her body stretched flat on its back, her jet black hair streamed into the distance. Her legs were not visible under her dress.

Slowly she rose to her feet without any apparent effort, her shoulders shaking every now and then in a shiver of ecstasy. Manuelo, aged eight, sitting next to me, gave me a dig in the ribs and a sly wink.

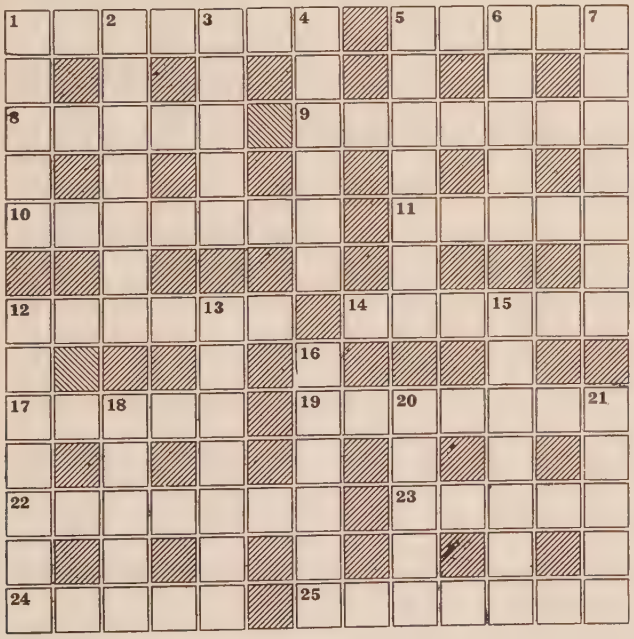
Later that night she danced with her partner, thirteen-year-old Mariano. He wore long, grey, calf-tight trousers and a blue silk shirt tied across the midriff. Together they danced a *tanguillo*. His *zapateado* drew shouts of "*Olé*" from the crowd around the door—and from us.

The two of them whirled to the insistent guitars as a woman in the darkest corner sung snatches from the "Song of Tangier" with an Arabic inflection which must have evoked the former inhabitants of the palace across the valley to ghostly applause.

At the end of the programme when we were asked what we would like for an encore our choice of a dance by Quanita and Mariano offended Conchita, a sullen, petulant beauty in her twenties whose vulgar dancing is best left unrecorded. She grew even more sullen.

We drove from the Albaicin that night in silence—dumbfounded, intoxicated. We searched no more.

## crossword . . . . . 7



**The above crossword is for amusement only and the answers will be found on page 25 of this issue**

### BEGINNER'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

**1.** Plans costumes (7). **5.** You might see one on *Jones Beach*, entering the water (5). **8.** Helpmann has ——— as well as danced many parts (5). **9.** Bob's (7). **10.** One way to paint a set quickly (5, 2). **11.** I Noel occupy the bed (3, 2). **12.** Second of three acts (6). **14.** How the girls joined Belaye (2, 4). **17.** Little Clara from *Casse Noisette* is one (5). **19.** Not a departure (7). **22.** A star is an ——— ——— any company (5, 2). **23.** Part of naval etiquette (5). **24.** Not just now (5). **25.** How the Hussar dresses? He'd get wet in *Swan Lake* (5, 2).

DOWN

**1.** How a popular dancer brings the crowd (5). **2.** Aurora must be to sleep so long (2, 5). **3.** Very good (5). **4.** Man who dances with the Street dancer (6). **5.** What a dilletante does with art (7). **6.** Edge. **7.** Get up at once (4, 3). **12.** Somes (7). **13.** Another of those girl sailors! (4, 3). **15.** Curses (16). At a distance as Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet will soon be (3, 3). **18.** Small scene within a larger one (5). **20.** Part of 19 across may compete (5). **21.** Spanish dancing should be popular in this part of America (5).

### VETERAN CLUES

ACROSS

**1.** First lady of English ballet (7). **5.** Jasinsky. From Italy? (5). **8.** Our only national ballet company (5). **9.** What critics usually are to new ballets (7). **10.** How the Russian ballet is known in France (2, 5). **11.** Material for Lifar's costume? (5). **12.** 32 fouettes makes a this a dancer (4, 2). **14.** What little Edward requests is nothing to do with ballet (2, 4). **17.** A Pacific ballet (5). **19.** Spanish dancer (7). **22.** All that a critic can offer? (7). **23.** Military attendant on the Blue Train? (5). **24.** Is this a suitable kind of music for dancing? (5). **25.** A Dolin fan provided a new home for them recently (3, 4).

DOWN

**1.** First lady of film ballet? (5). **2.** Often the only chance of getting seats for popular works comes back (7). **3.** Grose monsters in a mix-up (5). **4.** As sir: The Sleeping Beauty leaves her bed (6). **5.** This version of *Harlequinade* is now given by Festival ballet (7). **6.** Tempo (5). **7.** One reason why Cinderella nearly missed the ball (2, 5). **12.** Would you turn off if he were on Television? Surely not (7). **13.** Something a dancer may have little time for (3, 4). **15.** This of scenery needs lots of space (7). **16.** Take a glance at the score (4, 2). **18.** After the Snow scene this would be appropriate for the Sugar fairy (5). **20.** Rouge covers the change in the villain (5). **21.** Partner of 18 across (5).

# Tapestry returns to life on T.V.

by PETER WILLIAMS

*Paula Hinton as Armide and Walter Gore as the Vicomte who is infatuated by her. They are seen in the* pas de deux *which they dance together towards the end the ballet.*
(*Photo: B.B.C.*)

*LE PAVILION D'ARMIDE* was the first ballet to reveal the wonders of Russian Ballet to Western Europe. Not revived since 1914, it is therefore almost completely unknown to the average ballet goer of today apart from the occasional snatches of Tcherepnin's score sometimes heard on the radio. What an excellent idea to reconstruct this work on television!

The first performance was on July 20, and repeated on August 22.

Walter Gore wisely made no attempt to reconstruct Fokine's choreography but has captured the mood of the story. One variation only, danced by Anita Landa, was revived by Karsavina from the original ballet.

The story remains the same. A Vicomte seeks refuge from a storm in a castle. He receives hospitality from a Marquis, also a magician, who puts him to sleep in a pavilion dominated by a tapestry showing Armide surrounded by her court. At midnight the tapestry comes alive and the Vicomte finds himself under Armide's spell. He is entertained by dances and he finally becomes so enamoured by her that she puts her scarf around his neck. As day dawns, the vision disappears and the Vicomte awakens to find the scarf still round his neck, rushing to the tapestry he finds that Armide is no longer wearing hers. Realising it was not a dream, he falls unconscious.

The reasons for this work not being revived in the theatre are not hard to seek—the idea of tapestry coming to life, though original in its time, has been used in almost every revue and today seems hackneyed to say the least of it. Tcherepnin's music, though delightful in individual numbers, is an untidy patchwork when put together—the torments of a Russian soul get jostled by pretty tea-time waltzes.

Gore and the producer, Christian Simpson, have managed to find a perfect balance between the narrative and dancing and it seems that here, at last, is the ideal ballet for television. The dances have been well arranged with an eye to the limitations of the screen, many of them making beautiful patterns. Particularly good was a number for two negro jesters (Keith Beckett and Graeme Anderson)—their black bodies making a welcome contrast after the light dresses of the previous number. A smoke dance (Witaly Osins and Geoffrey Webb) was most effective as the figures seemed to emerge, then dissolve into vapour, and then re-emerge again. As far as it was possible to see, the best choreography was in a lovely *pas de quatre* for four girls one behind the other, and a scarf dance of Armide (Paula Hinton). The *pas de deux* for Hinton and Gore (who played the Vicomte) had several interesting lifts but the climax was rather spoilt by a too sudden close-up.

The eighteenth century feeling of the tapestry was destroyed by the *corps de ballet* girls costumes which had been copied from a Chalon lithograph of Taglioni in *La Sylphide* Such seemingly small mistakes can ruin a production; it only needed quite simple adjustments to bring them into the right period. There was also the oddest mixture of architecture in the pillars which was distracting and caused the setting to lack unity.

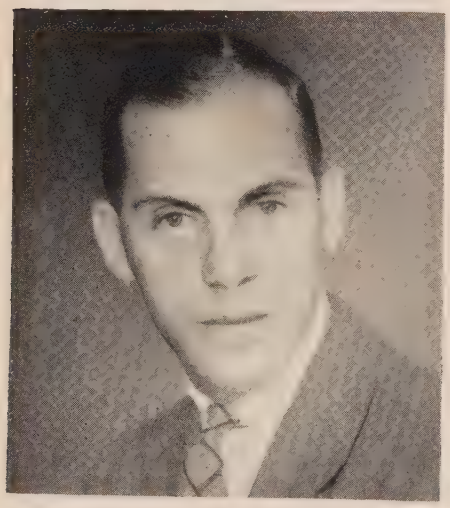
Tamara Karsavina (Diaghileff's Armide) in her introduction said that television could realise the magical quality of this work in a way that was beyond the theatre. She was perfectly right, and Christian Simpson has used all the magic at his disposal. Let us hope that he and Gore can concoct some more for our delight.

# So, you want to dance

by ANTHONY COWPER

## 2. GONCHAROV STUDIO, West Street, London, W.C.2.

**In the introduction to this series it was made clear that the famous dance studios in central London are not the places where one acquires the rudiments of dancing. The students who attend these classes are either dancers already in a company, or else advanced students preparing for a professional career. The choice of a teacher is of the utmost importance to a dancer, as a teacher admirable for one dancer may be useless for another. One of the best-known teachers in London is George Goncharov.**



*George Goncharov*

GONCHAROV was born in Russia, and received his early training at the Leningrad State Ballet School. He left Russia about eighteen years ago and settled down in the Far East. A knee-injury forced him to give up dancing and concentrate on teaching. It was when he was teaching in Shanghai that Fonteyn came to him for her first lessons. He came to England in 1945 and for some years was one of the principal teachers at the Sadler's Wells School. He left to become ballet-master to the Ballet Alicia Alonso in Cuba. This year he returned from Cuba to take over Vera Volkova's classes in the West Street Studio.

A Goncharov class is a quiet affair; he rarely gets annoyed or raises his voice. With infinite patience he walks around the class explaining, correcting and helping the dancers. Every dancer comes under his individual scrutiny and tuition. He puts great emphasis on the correct placing of limbs and on arm-movements, knowing that for every twenty dancers good from the waist down, there is only one with complete mastery of the arms.

A ballet class is composed of two parts; the *barre* work in which the dancers perform exercises (the basic "words" of the complicated ballet vocabulary) supported by the bar which runs along the studio wall, and the centre-work in which the dancers leave the bar and execute short *enchainements*, which are like phrases from the choreographer's language. Goncharov, like all the best teachers, makes his *enchainements* interesting to dance. He uses his centre-work not only to prepare his dancers for the demands that will be put upon them by choreographers, he also tries to inculcate in them that innate musicality which is indispensable to the dancer in modern ballet.

In all his work Goncharov aims not at turning out machines of technical precision, but at producing interpretive artists. That is the difference between a good teacher and one of the best.

Shaw said, "those who can, do; those who can't, teach", and this is as true of ballet-teachers as of any others. They are normally those who have either retired from the stage, or have been cheated, like Goncharov, of a full stage career by a slight injury. But Goncharov can rest content in the knowledge that if one Goncharov has been lost to the stage, his great gifts as a teacher have replaced that one by dozens.

# Kelly in Paris

by LANCE TREDWELL

**Gene Kelly in the new M.G.M. musical has tried to do for Paris what he did for New York in *On the Town*. The result is not so homogeneous but it nevertheless makes a very lively film.**

*Kelly and Caron in the incident from the ballet that was inspired by the most famous of naive Painters —Henri Rousseau*
(*Photo: M.G.M.*)

ALL good Americans are said to go to Paris when they die. Gene Kelly seems to have cheated death because he is probably a good American, he is certainly a good choreographer, and he has gone to Paris in a big way.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *American in Paris* is based around George Gershwin's symphonic rhapsody of that name. The story is about a G.I. (Kelly) who lingered on in Paris after the war to paint. A rich American girl (Nina Foch), with more money than taste, tries to buy both the pictures and Kelly; unfortunately we are never allowed to see the Parisian reaction to the exhibition she arranges for him. However, along comes Leslie Caron and Kelly, who is still a G.I. at heart, behaves in the way we all know so well in his extrication from Nina Foch and his pursuit of Caron. It all ends at the Beaux Arts Ball where the guests have all amazingly appeared in black and white; presumably done so as to show off the dazzling technicolor of Kelly's dream sequence—inspired by Lautrec, Rencir, Dufy, Utrillo, Rousseau and Daumier.

Woven into this technicolor cloud-cuckoo-land are some original dances, slick dialogue and quite witty direction (Minnelli, some way after Rene Clair). A waltz number after Strauss is charming, so are the evergreen "I've got Rhythm" and "S'wonderful". The ballet of Paris as seen through the eyes of French painters could have been very embarrassing but it was given with such sensitivity that it was delightful.

This is Leslie Caron's first picture and she will no doubt be hailed as a great dancing star. Her technique has improved and Hollywood has given her a gamine glamour. She acts well enough to make the moments when she is not dancing bearable and even plausible. But let us hope that somewhere under this brittle charm lies the quality of the little Sphinx that used to enchant us so in *La Rencontre*. For when she created that role for Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées she appeared to have something almost unique in a dancer; it would be a pity if everything got submerged and she turned into just another slicked-up dancer. We have seen this happen too often for us to greet with jubilation, the success she is certain to have.

Kelly continues his gallery of portraits of dancing bounders. He is nimble and his dancing has great speed but it is a mistake for him to sing—his feet can express so much more than his voice. Most of the humour came from Oscar Levant who gave another of his studies of a parasitic genius with a perpetual hangover, which have brightened so many films.

It is always good to renew acquaintance with the music of the late George Gershwin. Perhaps the success of this may lead to us hearing, in England, his great folk opera, *Porgy and Bess*.

# Ballet in Masque and Opera

by DAVID HUNT

**August has seen the revival of Purcell's masque, *The Fairy Queen*, and Balfe's opera *The Bohemian Girl*. In both these works at Covent Garden, ballet played an important part.**

WHEN Purcell's masque, *The Fairy Queen*, was previously revived at Covent Garden in 1946, it was largely due to Constant Lambert's scholarship and sense of theatre that this particular type of seventeenth-century convention—a mixture of dialogue, singing and dancing—was made acceptable to a modern audience.

Lambert's approach was balletic, and his adaptation emphasised the dancing element. Ashton's choreography was then considered to contain some of his finest work.

The new revival this summer, however, proved a disappointing experience: the production was less distinguished, and the triple cast of actors, singers and dancers was not nearly so aptly chosen.

It was certainly courageous for a young choreographer to accept a commission which invited such a direct comparison with so experienced a predecessor; and John Cranko would have been wiser if he had first asked himself whether Purcell's music evoked for him appropriate dance images worthy of it.

Like Ashton, he wisely avoided any reference to the Court dances of the seventeenth century, and worked freely in a modern ballet idiom. However, the warmth and opulence of Purcell seemed to have eluded him, with the result that we had the impression that it was an attempt to save us from being bored by music which we had come specially to hear. In the Masque of Night, as one instance, the Dalcrozian arm thrashings performed during the song of Sleep were completely alien to the mood and texture of a very lovely song.

Cranko's talent found a more suitable outlet where more exuberant movement was demanded. His dance for the Savages was right; and the Monkeys' dance, used by Ashton previously for a Chinese children's dance, was received with enthusiasm. Of the dance of the Spirits of the Air and the Echo Dance, the two most interesting successes of Ashton's version, the former passed almost unnoticed in this production, even though Cranko used several dancers in place of the original two. In the Echo Dance, possibly because he was determined on an entirely different treatment from that previously used, Cranko rushed his three "visual voices" off the stage at the conclusion of each phrase. The result was the "Echo No. 3" was still running off after her music had finished and "Echo No. 1" had already reappeared.

The specially recruited company of dancers worked hard; but even at the end of the second week had not achieved complete co-ordination. Of the principal dancers, Donald Britton's technical powers seemed to have suffered but slightly from his recent absence on military service, although there were signs of a certain roughness in finish. As Autumn, he showed a fine presence and a new dignity, despite the fact that the costume needed a taller man. Sally Gilmour danced with great lightness and delicacy. In the Masque of Love her movements had a quiet yet almost luminous serenity that made me want to see her again as Caroline in *Jardin aux Lilas*.

No doubt *The Fairy Queen* was good experience for John Cranko; but if the work is given a further revival, might we not have the Ashton choreography again next time?

The Irish composer Balfe's opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, had more than ordinary interest for ballet goers, quite apart from the actual dances occurring in the opera.

*The Bohemian Girl* is contemporary with *Giselle*, and in the days when it was first given, opera and ballet enthusiasts were more often drawn from the same sources than they are today.

As Serge Lifar has pointed out in his *Giselle, Apothéose du Ballet Romantique*, we tend to forget nowadays that there was another and an equally important aspect of early nineteenth-century romanticism apart from the ethereal, supernatural element typefied by Taglioni and Grisi. Cerrito and Elssler were equally representative of the preoccupation of the poets and choreographers with gipsy and other exoticism. *The Bohemian Girl* was an operatic version of the story of Mazilier's old ballet, *La Gipsy*, and it is all the more interesting to ballet lovers as a period piece since no ballet on a similar theme has survived.

Pauline Grant's choreography for the many peasant and gipsy dances was an excellent demonstration of what such dances should be in opera. She also managed, as she always does, to fit her dancers into the general operatic picture instead of leaving them standing out, as peasants who can't sing, waiting their moment to leap into activity—the more usual method in opera or "musicals". The dancers had obviously been thoroughly rehearsed and seemed to enjoy their participation.

In the Fair scene of the second act (shades of *Petrouchka*!), the boy who danced the part of the "escapologist" seemed to be someone in whom British ballet should be interested.

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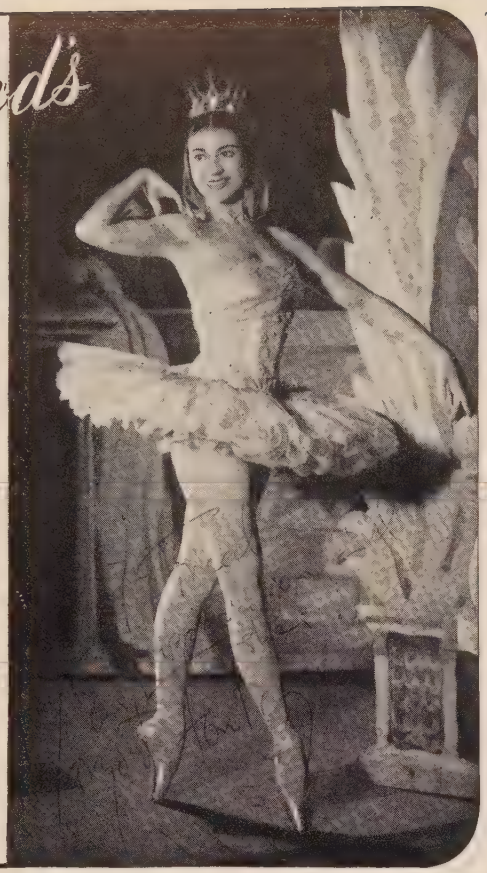

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# Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

*Alexander Grant in the "Funeral in the Rain" scene from Roland Petit's* Balabille *which was revived on September 10 at Covent Garden* (*Photo: Angus McBean*)

## SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE season lasting through September at Covent Garden had little to offer in the way of novelties, except for a new decor for *Giselle* by James Bailey, and revivals of *Scenes de Ballet* and *Balabille*. Beryl Grey made a most welcome return and a number of other dancers had a chance to shine in various roles. Owing to the clash of press nights throughout the first weeks of the month it was impossible to see the various changes but we shall deal with them in full in the next issue.

The company will be at the Davis Theatre, Croydon, for two weeks on October 1 and at the Opera House, Blackpool, for two weeks from October 15. They return to Covent Garden at the end of November. The new Massine ballet will probably have its first performance on December 10. This is to be on a Scottish theme and has been created in conjunction with the painters, McBryde and Colquhoun. It seems possible that Cranko and Andrée Howard will also create new works but the subjects have not yet been announced.

## SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

THE first full length classic to be given by the company, had its premiere on October 4. *Coppelia* was the first full-length classic to be given by the original Vic-Wells company so this was probably ideal for a start for the new company. On the first night Fifield danced Swanilda and Blair was Frantz. Poole was Dr. Coppelius. On the following Thursday, Beriosova danced Swanilda and Holden was Coppelius. This ballet will be the subject of a special article in our next issue and is also the subject of the second editorial on page four of the current issue. The two acts of *Casse Noisette* with new choreography by Frederich Ashton and designs by Cecil Beaton, had its first performance on October 11. Beriosova danced the Snowflakes scene and Fifield was the Sugar Plum Fairy in the Kingdom of Sweets.

The forty-seven members of the company left for Canada on the *Empress of France* on September 25. It is possible that the company will give an impromptu performance during the crossing.

## INTERNATIONAL BALLET

INTERNATIONAL'S *Coppelia* at Festival Hall was given too late in the season to be reviewed in the last issue. Of all the performances of the work that have been seen lately, this is by far the best and the company give it with greater understanding than any of the others. Mona Inglesby has just the right quality for Swanilda and she gave an excellent variation in the first act and the *adagio* in the last act was outstanding. Algeranoff makes a very good Coppelius, just the right mixture of the comic and sinister.

Many of the small roles are very well played. Denys Palmer did not seem to be the ideal Frantz and was never the roguish peasant boy. Vladimir Brosko also took this role during the season, was ideal physically and acted well, though in the last act variation he did not seem entirely happy but this looked as though it had more to do with his costume which did not fit well.

It seems a pity that the other dancers who take over the role of Swanilda cannot have the same costumes as Inglesby. There should be some unity in these things and if a costume has been designed to fit into the general picture, then everyone who takes the role should wear this same design. Inglesby had three charming costumes, Armfeldt had three hideous ones, wrong in design and they did not fit her.

There were, of course, many things wrong with this concert hall presentation—the workshop of Coppelius was an alfresco affair and the costumes for the divertissement in the final act were particularly ugly. But taken all round, the ballet was a pleasure to see and an equal pleasure to hear. Delibes' lovely ballet score was treated with the respect it deserved and not like the usual tea-time intermission.

P.W.

## FESTIVAL BALLET

THE winter tour opened at Brighton on August 26 and will continue through the provinces until Christmas when the company go to Monte Carlo for six weeks. During this time they will mount their new works which may include a full-length work on the *Dame aux Camellias* theme. After that they probably go to Paris and Italy then back to England for a few weeks before leaving for North and South America. They will possibly be away from London for about eighteen months.

## NY NORSK BALLET

ALTHOUGH this first Norwegian company has made several tours of the provinces, it had not appeared near London until September 3, when a week's season opened at the Embassy Theatre followed by another week at the King's, Hammersmith, on September 10.

The company was started in Oslo three years ago by Gerd Kjolaas and Louise Browne (who will always be remembered as one of the most charming musical comedy leading ladies of the pre-war years). In 1950, Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann gave two gala performances in Oslo to raise money for the company. So their link with England is very strong.

For a group of young dancers they have been very wise not to attempt too much and to draw inspiration from local legends and fairy stories. This is obviously the foundation upon which to build a national company.

The opening work, *Tyrians*, was based on the story of the Princess who could not laugh. Gerd Kjolaas has used folk melodies to accompany her choreography which was based on folk dance steps. It was a lively work and showed that the dancers had a great sense of characterisation.

*Mot Ballade* was more ambitious and the idea of showing how a folk song develops, was good. Unfortunately the many scenes and lengthy plot rather confused the issue. One thing that people have to learn is that the fewer scenes there are in a ballet the better. This has always been the fault with De Valois *Rake's Progress* and *Prospect Before Us* and also in some of the modern works at the Royal Danish Theatre; the same thing applies to plays that have many short scenes.

Ivo Cramer's two ballets, *Truffaldino* and *The Message*, had many interesting moments. The former was based on a Commedia dell'Arte theme and used some of the Scarlatti sonatas that Massine used in *The Good Humoured Ladies*. The latter was a chronicle on the life of Christ, somewhat in the manner of a Morality play. Such a subject can frequently be most embarrassing but this was given with such simplicity and sincerity that it was moving. It was well danced by Edith Roger and Per Arne Qvarsebo as Mary and Joseph. The choreographer himself gave a powerful portrayal of Herod.

There appeared to be several promising dancers in the company and in each of the works, Hans Kjolaas showed understanding and a sense of character, so also did Edith Roger.

The group obviously has a long way to go before it can compare with the great companies of the world but it is going about its business in the right way.

P.W.

## BALLET ESPAGNOL

PILAR LOPEZ is the sister of the great Argentinita and together they danced all over the world. When Argentinita died, Lopez carried on her work. Theirs was probably the first company to leave Spain; the others had only been single dancers such as Argentina and Escudero.

During the past years we have had many Spanish companies in England—some bad, some good. Many people groaned when they heard that yet another company was going to invade our shores.

Pilar Lopez together with her dancers, singers and musicians, opened a season at the Cambridge Theatre on September 6. It was possible to see the source of all the other companies, many of the numbers being the same. There is not the slightest doubt that this is the first company (not to be confused with recitals such as those given by Rosario and Antonio and Mariemma). The entire programme was aristocratic and in perfect taste, which did not mean that it was in anyway dull. It had all the excitement but none of the vulgarity of the others. There was no hair falling about, no flowers littering the stage. It was probably the best example of style in Spanish dancing that we are likely to see.

*Pilar Lopez in* Majos y Duquesas *from Granados'* Fantasia Goyesca, *which was so beautifully presented during the Ballet Espagnol season at the Cambridge Theatre.*

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**P. W.**

## BRITISH DANCE THEATRE

BRITISH DANCE THEATRE, which has recently given a season at the Embassy Theatre, was formed in March, 1950, with the highly laudable aim of presenting "a British tradition of modern ballet in line with similar developments in America and on the Continent." The lack of any British manifestation of that choreographic movement loosely classified as "modern dance" is a serious shortcoming in our theatrical life and any attempt to make good this deficiency is to be welcomed, but it must be remembered that art-forms cannot just arise whenever they are needed. An art-form owes its existence to, among other things, its self-imposed restrictions, and, as yet, British Dance Theatre does not appear to govern its creative impulses with any clearly defined rules. It has not, in fact, made its own choreographic vocabulary to replace that of the classical dance which it has so boldly discarded. Furthermore, its Choreographer, Miss Hettie Loman, has not yet acquired the musical instinct that enables a choreographer to translate music into dance-images. This was most noticeable in her ballet *And Tomorrow Comes*, where the first two movements of Sibelius' D Major Symphony bore but small relationship to the danced and mimed story of a tortured guerilla. The dancing was on the whole undistinguished, and in the ballet *The Man, The Woman and the Two Who Didn't Care*, the two in question were joined by

**C. B.**

## CONTINENTAL BALLET

On Thursday, August 30, at the Civic Theatre, Chesterfield, the company presented the first performance of *Fadette*, after the book by George Sand with choreography by Molly Lake to music by Gabriel Faure. The principal roles of Fadette, Madelon, the daughter of a welathy farmer and Landry, to whom she is betrothed, were danced by Monique Boam, Margaret Kovak, and Travis Kemp.

Another new ballet scheduled for production in the near future is Keith Lester's *Galaxy*, a ballet dealing with the origin of the universe to an original score by Trevor Widdicombe, one of the company's solo pianists.

In addition to the "white classics", the repertoire contains several ballets by Molly Lake, Walter Gore's *Bartlemas Fair* and Jack Carter's *Impromptu for Twelve*. Recruits to the dancing strength include Sylvia Blair, an ex-Rambert dancer who recently appeared in the mime in *The Gay Invalid*, at the Garrick Theatre.

*Two of the male dancers in Pilar Lopez' Ballet Espagnol. Top, left, Manolo Vargas who was one of the original members of the company when it was started by La Argentina. He was at his best in the flamenco numbers such as* Por Farruca *and* Vivan Los Cabales.

*(Right) Alberto Lorca, one of the more recent members of the company. The photograph shows him in* Puerta de Tierra, *a classical Bolero to Albeniz music.*

*He excelled in all the classical numbers, particularly a* Panderos, *which he danced with Elvira Real and Dorita Ruiz, and an* Alborada *to Ravel music.*

*The other two male dancers, Robert Ximenez and Alejandro Vega, complete the four. The former was outstanding in a* Zapateado *from Malaga; the latter was at his best in a flamenco scene with Lopez. All of them were nearly faultless in their respective ways. In both the programmes which were given during the four week's season, they all had numbers in which they were given a chance to shine. In the end it was impossible to say which was the better of the four.*

### *Where are they now?*

| *NAME* | *PREVIOUSLY WITH* | *HAS JOINED* |
|---|---|---|
| ANTHONY BURKE | Ambassador Ballet | Original Ballet Russe |
| PATRICIA BENTLY | Ambassador Ballet | Original Ballet Russe |
| SYLVIA BLAIR | *Gay Invalid* | Continental Ballet |
| JACK CARTER | Choreographer | Original Ballet Russe |
| PETER DARRELL | Ballet Workshop | Festival Ballet |
| VICTOR DUNTIERE | Ballet Workshop | Ballets des Champs-Elysées |
| PAULA HINTON | Festival Ballet | Ballets des Champs-Elysées |
| NORMAN MCDOWELL | Festival Ballet | Original Ballet Russe |
| INGE SAND | Royal Danish Ballet | Original Ballet Russe |
| JOHN WACKS | Ballet Workshop | Festival Ballet |

# *Dance and Dancers* . . . . ABROAD

## LES BALLET DES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES

THE company are working in Paris for their new season which opens at the Empire Theatre on October 5. The season will continue until the end of October; during that time, several new works are to be given. A new work by Ruth Page uses the music and story of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* designed by Clavé, who will always be remembered for his magnificent settings for *Carmen*. Other new works include one by Youly Algaroff, Walter Gore, and a new dramatic work by Boris Kochno to Sauguet music. It is possible that Jean Louis Barrault may assist on this latter ballet and it may have a big role for Paula Hinton who has left Festival Ballet. After another European tour the company will probably return to tour the English provinces in the Spring, followed by another London season.

## NEW YORK CITY BALLET

THE Autumn season opened at City Centre on September 4 and continued until September 23. The new work was Todd Bolender's *The Miraculous Mandarin* to Bela Bartok music and Alvin Colt designs. New revivals included *Concerto Barocco* to the Bach double violin concerto; and *Apollo* with the Stravinsky score that was composed for the Diaghilev company. The latter was revived specially for Eglevsky. Both works are, of course, by George Balanchine. There seems every possibility that the company will return to Covent Garden as our summer visitors next year.

## AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE

THE season which opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on September 20, will continue until October 7. Guest artists with the company include Jean Babilée, Nathalie Philippart, and Erik Bruhn. Madeleine Rosay, choreographer from the Teatro Municipal in Rio, created a new work *Mancenilha* to Villa Lobos music. This had its premiere on September 28. A new work by Bronislava Nijinska was scheduled for September 27, but at the time of going to press it was uncertain what this would be. The other work, new to America, was Babilée's *Til Eulenspiegel* first given on September 25. Revivals for this season included Fokine's *Bluebeard*, not seen since 1946, and *Princess Aurora* to be restaged by Nijinska.

## THE BOROVANSKY BALLET AUSTRALIA

AFTER the great success of the season in Sydney, the company went to Brisbane for five weeks and then on to Adelaide. The season in Melbourne opened on September 17 and continues for five months. A full production of the *Sleeping Princess* should be ready by Christmas.

One of the recent productions was on an Australian subject *Black Swan*. This had nothing to do with the Tchaikovsky ballet but concerned a bit of Australian history when Captain Vlaming discovered the Swan river. The choreography was by E. Borovansky to Sibelius music, and designed by William Constable. The ballet will be dealt with more fully in our "New Ballets" supplement, next month.


### SELL OUT

**The September number of DANCE AND DANCERS was sold out within five days of publication. So as to be certain of your copy, place a regular order with your newsagent or take out an annual subscription.**

**The November number will contain photos and opinions of the new productions of *Coppelia* and *Casse Noisette* by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet—New Ballets by New York City Ballet—Articles on the late La Argentinita and her sister Pilar Lopez and the recent season of Ballet Espagnol at the Cambridge Theatre—Anton Dolin's Page—An English guest critic—A new series of instructive monthly articles—Four male dancers in the Sadler's Wells Ballet—and all the usual features and many new photos.**

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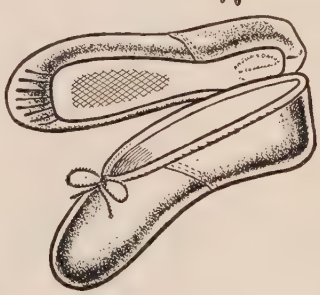

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# Ballet Dates

### SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

**September**
**26** *Giselle* (Shearer, Somes, Grey), *Facade.*
**27** *Mam'zelle Angot, Scenes de Ballet, Daphnis and Chloe.*
**28** *Scenes de Ballet, Giselle* (Shearer, Somes).
**29** (M) *Scenes de Ballet, Giselle* (Elvin, Melville, Grey).
(E) *Balabile, Daphnis and Chloe, Ballet Imperial.*

### SADLER'S WELLS BALLET ON TOUR

**October**
**1** Davis Theatre, Croydon (two weeks).
**15** Opera House, Blackpool (two weeks).

### SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

The company is on a six-month tour of Canada and the United States.

**October**
**5** Capitol Theatre, Quebec (3 performances).
**6** Capitol Theatre, Ottawa (2 performances).
**9** St. Denis Theatre, Montreal (6 performances).
**15** Royal Alexandre, Toronto (8 per formances).
**22** Buffalo Theatre, Buffalo (2 performances).
**24** Eastman Theatre, Rochester (2 performances).
**26** Music Hall, Cleveland (1 performance).
**27** Masonic Temple, Detroit (4 performances).
**30** Michigan State College Auditorium, East Lansing (1 performance).

### FESTIVAL BALLET

**September**
**24** Hippodrome, Golders Green.
**October**
**1** Alhambra, Glasgow (two weeks).
**15** Empire Theatre, Liverpool (two weeks).
**29** Empire Theatre, Sunderland (two weeks).
**November**
**5** Empire Theatre, Edinburgh (two weeks).
**19** Hippodrome, Birmingham (two weeks).

### INTERNATIONAL BALLET

**October**
**1** Theatre Royal, Bolton.
**15** King's Theatre, Southsea.
**22** Pavilion, Bournemouth (two weeks).

### RAMBERT BALLET

**September**
**24** Empire Theatre, Belfast (two weeks).
**October**
**8** County Theatre, Cork.
King's Theatre, Hammersmith (two weeks).
**16, 17, 18** *Giselle* (Act 1), *Fireflies, Canterbury Prologue* (London premiere), *Facade.*
**19, 20** *Eve of St. Agnes, Soiree Musicale, Scherzi Della Sorte, Canterbury Prologue.*
**22, 23** *Prismatic Variations, Soiree Musicale, Dark Elegies, Fate's Revenge* (London premiere).
**24, 25** *Les Sylphides, Fate's Revenge, Winter Night, Canterbury Prologue.*
**26, 27** *Prismatic Variations, Soiree Musicale, Winter Night, Canterbury Prologue.*

### BALLET WORKSHOP

Re-opens for Winter season October 14, 21, 28. Performances at the Mercury Theatre, Ladbroke Road, W.11. Sundays at 8 p.m. except the first Sunday of each month. Phone PARK 7233.

**October programme**
*Colloque Sentimental* (Chor. Celia Franca. Decor, Honor Frost. Music, Debussy.
*La Familie de Harlequin* (Chor., Robert Stevenson. Decor, Ian Gordon. Music, Katachurian).
A new ballet by John Hall, now preparing.

### CONTINENTAL BALLET

**September**
**24** Theatre Royal, Rochdale.
**October**
**1** Hippodrome, West Hartlepool.
**November**
**5** Winter Gardens, Morecambe.
**12** Theatre Royal, Huddersfield.

### BALLET ESPAGNOL

Pilar Lopaz and her company, at *The Cambridge Theatre, London,* until October 6.

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Dancers include: Rosella Hightower, Marjorie Tallchief, Harriet Toby, George Skibine, George Zoritch and Serge Golovine. Repertoire includes many works new to London and some old favourites.

**October**
**8** *Sylphides, Night Shadow, Casse Noisette, Enchanted Mill.*
**9** *Sylphides, Night Shadow, Casse Noisette, Enchanted Mill*
**10** (M) *Sylphides, Night Shadow, Casse Noisette, Enchanted Mill*
(E) *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Night Shadow, Black Swan, Le Beau Danube.*
**11** *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Tragedy of Verona, Black Swan, Beau Danube.*
**12** *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Tragedy of Verona, Black Swan, Enchanted Mill .*
**13** (M) *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Night Shadow, Casse Noisette, Beau Danube.*
(E) *Sylphides, Black Swan, Tragedy of Verona, Beau Danube.*
**15** *Concerto Barocco, Night Shadow, Tarasiana, Bal des Jeunes Filles.*
**16** *Concerto Barocco, Night Shadow, Tarasiana, Bal des Jeunes Filles.*
**17** (M) *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Tragedy of Verona, Black Swan, Divertissement.*
(E) *Concerto Barocco, Pas de Trois, Night Shadow, Divertissement.*
**18** *Sylphides, Night Shadow, Pas de Trois, Bal des Jeunes Filles.*
**19** *Bal des Jeunes Filles, Giselle* (2 Acts).
**20** (M) *Sylphides, Don Quixote, Designs with Strings, Beau Danube.*
(E) *Concerto Barocco, Giselle* (2 Acts).
**22** *Constantia, Annabelle Lee, Designs with Strings, Divertissement.*
**23** *Constantia, Annabelle Lee, Designs with Strings, Divertissement.*
**24** (M) *Bal des Jeunes Filles, Giselle* (2 Acts).
(E) *Bal des Jeunes Filles, Giselle* (2 Acts).
**25** *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Tragedy of Verona, Pas de Trois, Divertissement.*
**26** *Concerto Barocco, Night Shadow, Pas de Trois, Divertissement.*
**27** (M) *Designs with Strings, Tragedy of Verona, Tarasiana, Bal des Jeunes Filles.*
(E) *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Tragedy of Verona, Designs with Strings, Divertissement.*

### PAVINOFF BALLET

**October**
**1** Hippodrome, Margate.
**15** New Theatre Royal, Bournemouth.
**22** White Rock Pavilion, Hastings.

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Dancers include: Doukodovski, Patricia Bently, Anthony Burke, Inge Sand and Nina Stroganova.

**October**
**1** Wimbledon Theatre, Wimbledon.
**8** Hippodrome, Coventry.
**15** Grand, Leeds.
**22** Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield.
**29** Opera House, Manchester.
**November**
**5** New Theatre, Oxford.

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BEGINNERS

Across. 1, Designs. 5, Diver. 8, Acted. 9, Roberts. 10, Spray on. 11, Lie on. 12, Middle. 14, As crew. 17, Child. 19, Arrival. 22, Asset to. 23, Valet. 24, Later. 25, Falls in. Down. 1, Draws. 2, So tired. 3, Godly. 4, Strong. 5, Dabbles. 6, Verge. 7, Rise now. 12, Michael. 13, Lady tar. 15, Reviles. 16, Far off. 18, Inset. 20, Rival. 21, Latin.

# Clubs

LIVERPOOL

*Merseyside Ballet Circle. Sec.: Miss R. V. Mooney, West Vale, Neston, Liverpool.*

IT is hoped that, apart from the many events which have been arranged for the Fourth Season, one of the fruits of a hard-working Summer on the part of the organisers will be a much-needed increase in membership.

Meetings are to be held on Tuesdays at 7.30 p.m. at Cathedral Buildings. Activities will include, Lectures, Practice Nights, Technical Demonstrations, Special Classes, Music Recitals, Discussions and Mime. Full details can be obtained from the Secretary, and anyone who is interested will be warmly welcomed.

During the recent visit of Sadler's Wells Ballet the Circle organised a Reception in their honour and were privileged to meet a number of the members of the Company. Miss Mary Skeaping was present and invited a party of Circle members to a Wells rehearsal at the Empire Theatre. Two members of the Circle, Edna Cross and Norma Savage, have been accepted for Sadler's Wells Senior School when vacancies occur.

LONDON

*New Hampstead Dance Group. Sec.: Mrs. M. Paine,* 13, *South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.*3.

SINCE January, 1949, modern Dance classes have been given under the direction of Mrs. M. Paine. These have continued each week throughout the summer without a break. Details of this and the autumn programme now being arranged can be obtained by writing to the Secretary.

NEWCASTLE

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ballet Club. Sec.: Miss W. Patterson, Benwell Grange, Newcastle,* 5.

SEVERAL members of the Club are now dancing with professional companies; Patricia Hopper with International Ballet; Margaret Welsh in *Oklahoma*; Pat Anderson in *Song of Norway* at Scarborough; Geoffrey Bowes with Continental Ballet. Paddy Taylor has been to Switzerland to give a week's course on dancing as taught in English Schools, and to a Conference of Physical Education Teachers from Scandinavia.

At a party given on August 12 to bid farewell to the retiring Secretary, Mrs. Bennit, Margot Dack and John Kerr performed an original *pas de deux* to the music of Sir Arnold Bax. Arranged by Margot Dack and dance admirably interpreted the Riviera atmosphere of the music, with many subtle rhythms, and the performance was most impressive. A young member, Joan Wilcox, gained first place and a gold medal in the Finals of the All-England Stage Dancing Competition. This was for *demi-caractere* and mime.

On Sunday, August 19, Peter Franklin White, of the Sadler's Wells Ballet gave a class to the Club members, which was a great tonic to everybody. The rooms of the Margaret Cross School were kindly loaned for this event. On October 7 there will be a Musical Evening of Ballet Records. The Club Room is open every Thursday evening from 7.0 to 9.30.

# Ballet Correspondents

*(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested.)*

**IVOR RIZELL,** Firbeck, Grove Road, Ilkley, Yorkshire, wants b.c., f. or m. age 25 or over in England. m.a. 25. o.i. Opera, films ,swimming, etc. ls. German.

**EILEEN WARD,** 12, Rivulet Road, Tottenham, London, N.17, wants b.c. in England or any English speaking country. m. or f. 17-21. m.a. 17. o.i. films, some sports, theatre. p.r.

**BARBARA HORNE,** 37, North Quadrant, Firth Park, Sheffield 5, wants b.c., m. or f. age 18-23 in British Isles, Spain or any English speaking country. m.a. 18. o.i. music, opera, record collecting, all answered.

**EDWARD THOMPSON,** (Staff) Wedges Farm, Itchingfold, Horsham, Sussex, wants b.c., m. or f. in British Isles. m.a. 40. o.i. music, photography.

**URSULA GATES,** 62, Crescent Road, Sheppington, Middlesex, wants b.c., m. or f. age 30-35, in British Isles Australia, U.S.A., France. m.a. 30. o.i. music, books, cycling. p.r.

**MARGARET AUGUST,** 77, Riddons Road, Grove Park, London, S.E.12, wants b.c., m. or f. age 17-20, in Fiji Islands, New Zealand, California. m.a. 16. o.i. films, dancing, swimming, other sports, theatre. p.r. if possible.

**MARGUERITA HASTINGS,** 36, Adswood Lane, West, Stockport, wants b.c., m. or f. age over 20, all over world, Scandinavia preferred (having danced in those countries). m.a. 21. o.i. theatre, music, speedway. p.r.


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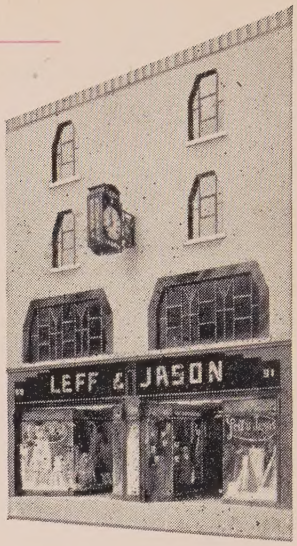


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